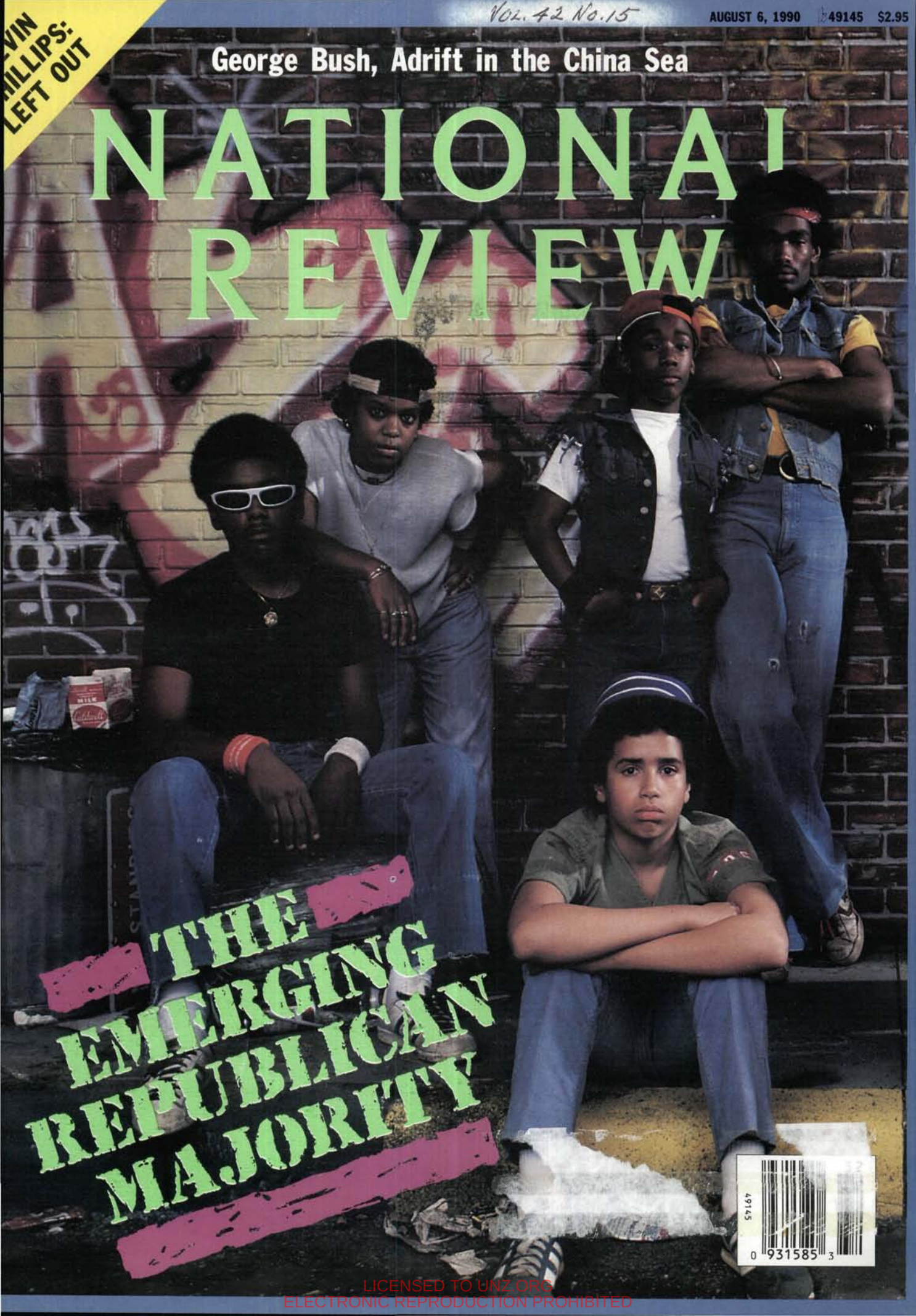




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VOL. 42 No. 15

AUGUST 6, 1990 49145 \$2.95

George Bush, Adrift in the China Sea

NATIONAL REVIEW

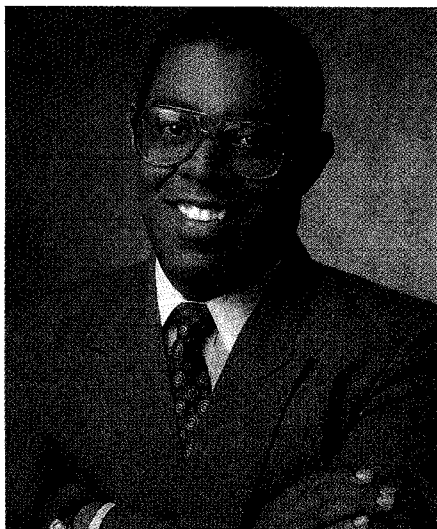
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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 6, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 15

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America has reached a civil-rights crossroads, says **Clint Bolick**. Unless President Bush leads us to a new emphasis on individual rights and empowerment, Senator Kennedy will keep us on a road paved with good intentions.

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- 41 **Peter Brimelow** finds that, thanks to snobishness and socialism, Christopher Hitchens's attempts to discuss the relationship between England and America only instruct the reader about the author's *Blood, Class, and Nostalgia*. . . . In *Genome*, Jerry E. Bishop and Michael Waldholz not only provide a fascinating account of the ongoing effort to decipher the functions of all human genes, they also shed quite a bit of light on what **Jack Kirwan** considers the disturbing questions raised by genetic engineering. . . . In *The Search for Modern China*, Jonathan D. Spence provides an excellent look at how China's past has formed her present, but, **George Jochowitz** notes, he fails to consider the foreign ancestry and most un-Chinese nature of Communism. . . . Surrealist Francis Bacon's technically exquisite paintings are marred by a lack of spiritual depth, sighs **James Gardner**; and in this age of Mapplethorpe, outrageousness, too, must pass. . . . **Nika Hazelton** dines Moscow-style, on the Hudson. . . . Lost in a desert of sequels, **John Simon** is beset by *Gremlins II*, then escapes to be burned by *Pretty Woman*.

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LETTERS

Feelings Aired

Florence King ["I'd Rather Smoke than Kiss," July 9] vows to fight the misanthropes who would deprive her of her cigarettes. But a fight that holds any chance of success necessitates organization—rallies of belligerents blowing smoke rings in forbidden places, non-profit groups to harangue congressmen, a propaganda machine, and, of course, litigation. But, as my sister-in-law complained forty years ago, you can't get smokers up and going because they always want to sit around and have another cigarette. As Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked to Boswell, smoking is conducive to thinking.

Miss King sees cigarette smokers as a thin red line in the intensifying class struggle. Perhaps it's even more ominous. Last January our four county hospitals banned all smoking anywhere on their premises. They made their announcement in the newspaper under the pseudo-legal heading, "Brevard's Clean Air Act." They went on to assert their responsibility as health-care providers for our general well-being. To say the least, that's a heavy burden to assume for a non-elected officialdom. And could it point toward a future in which health-care providers and members of the medical profession govern our lives? Where are our freedom-fighters? Sitting in their houses, smoking another cigarette, and thinking the matter over.

*Olwen Matthews
Cocoa Beach, Fla.*

Florence King's pro-smoking, anti-Puritan article was the best you've ever published! Quick, her address so she and I may sin, I mean smoke, together!

*Thomas Molnar
Ridgewood, N.J.*

I'm one of those people who have "waved away the impure air" drifting from a smoker on occasion. Most of these times I was in a bar when a stranger sat down next to me, lit up, and then repositioned his ashtray so that the smoke wouldn't drift into his face. Most smokers are polite (i.e., they apologize and then reposition their ashtray again) but you do have the in-your-face types, who think that

they're defending some sort of precious constitutional right.

Let's face it: do I have a right to spit on the floor? If spitting became a "right," and popular with the trendy, I suppose it would be a reasonable compromise to start placing spittoons in all public places—and for the rest of us to expect the spitters to try to maintain some sense of decorum and cleanliness. If, on the other hand, spitters felt that they had some right to spit wherever and however they felt like, there would be social tension.

*Don Schenk
Allentown, Pa.*

I agree that members of the anti-smoking movement can be obnoxious, but so can members of the anti-pornography movement, and the anti-abortion movement. Some people are simply obnoxious, and they want an outlet for that obnoxiousness which allows them to feel self-righteous. But the rudeness of these people does not imply the wrongness of their cause. Arguments should be dealt with on their own merits.

*Annette Ellis
Cambridge, Mass.*

Miss King is correct in identifying the radical anti-smoking element. However,

this type of erroneous syllogism is one of the most common ploys used against an adversary. The logic goes something like this: the cause has radical elements; radical elements are undesirable; thus, the cause is unacceptable. Probably all just causes have radical elements, but these elements do not necessarily define the nature of the cause. Every non-smoker with whom I've discussed this issue simply dislikes the effect of the smokers' by-product—there was no Higher Cause evident in their speech.

*Brian R. Dunaway
Missouri City, Tex.*

Coming Out

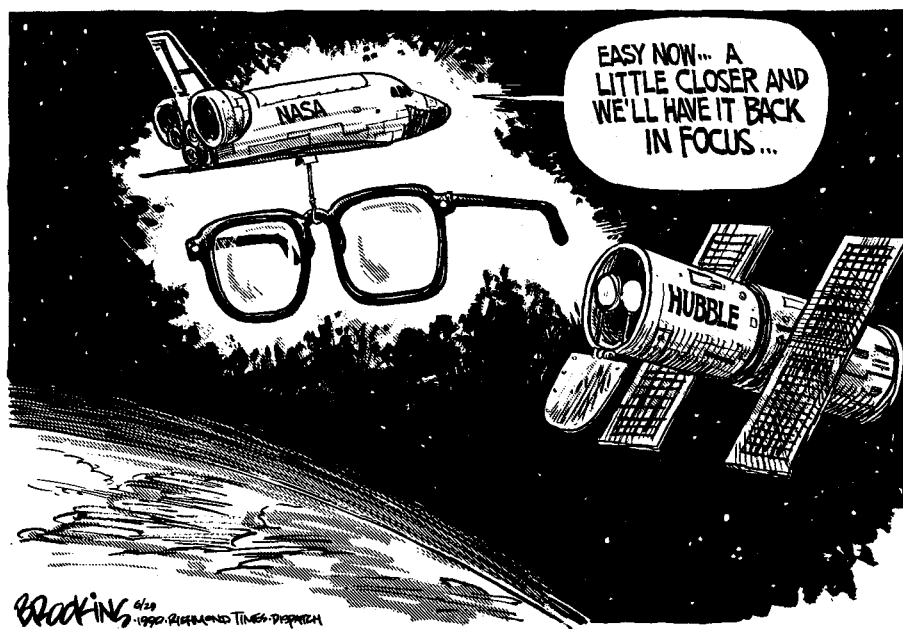
I don't care if Marvin Liebman ["Notes & Asides," July 9] confesses to being a born-again Bonapartist, a former Rumanian dictator, or a Girl Scout, he still would be the same honest, decent, clear-thinking, beautiful writer and dedicated teacher many of us respect—for who, not what, he is.

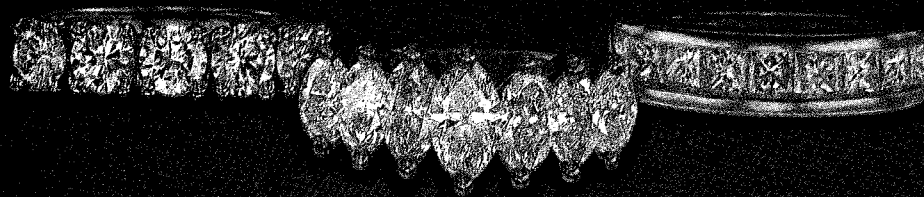
*Drew Steis
Great Falls, Va.*

Our sexuality, if taken as a means of physical or emotional satisfaction, not the continuity of a healthy, loving relationship with another, is narcissistic.

Thus, when sex is not used as a bridge across the gender gap, it becomes a form of self-love. That is, when one loves or admires only the self which is seen in another—the self in its "collective gender"—then it is self-love of the highest form. Genders exist in order to diffuse this very condition: so that man will not love the self of himself in another.

Sex in its external form helps a man and a woman overcome their self-love;





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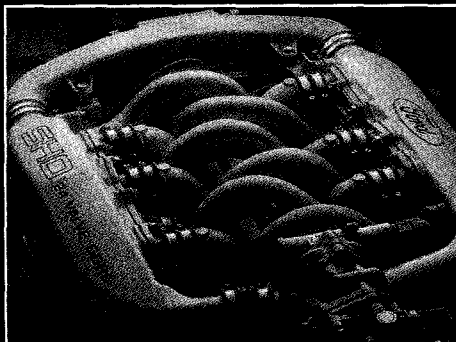
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when expressed, their love is not narcissistic because one gender is the complement, not the mirror, of the other.

We all must have a bit of healthy selfishness in us in order that we will survive. But when the "other" of us is rejected, this demonstrates the highest form of "love of self" possible.

That is why I do not think of homosexuality as permissible.

Erin C. Martz
Bryn Athyn, Pa.

I would not deny to Mr. Liebman the choice of being politically conservative, but neither the homosexuals nor any other group should expect the so-called religious Right to form political alliances by ignoring sin or pretending that it isn't really wrong.

A basic belief of Christianity is that Christ died for all men. He died for you, for me, for those who murdered Him, and, yes, for homosexuals. It is important to note that he died to save man from sin, and not to legalize a life of sin. God will judge unrepented sin, homosexuality included. It is not right for us to hate the homosexual that Christ died for, but it is entirely appropriate to test the perversion itself.

Stuart R. Ball
Yukon, Okla.

The only sin that cannot be forgiven is the denial of sin. This is the error that we fall into when we don't challenge the argument that homosexuality is merely an alternative lifestyle. It is no more an alternative lifestyle than bestiality or child molesting or incest or infidelity.

Claire Bloodgood
Rochester, Minn.

Supporting Farm Supports

There is no doubt that farm subsidies should and must eventually be eliminated ["The Hill Farm Swamp," "On the Scene," July 23]; most full-time farmers in the Midwest support their phaseout. But a unilateral reduction at this time would simply cause widespread devastation in the farm belt, as the European Community would continue to insulate its farmers from the market forces with even more subsidies.

It is indeed a perplexing problem, but one that for the moment cannot simply be left to market forces. The George Bush/Carla Hills approach is reasonable and, we can only hope, will be effective over time. But currently there still remains the major reason for European intransigence: the American system of agriculture, particularly in wheat, feed grains, and meat, is so much more effi-

cient that the Europeans remain terrified of competition.

So unilateral subsidy disarmament would only harm a great national asset, leading to higher food prices and a significant reduction of Treasury receipts, thus increasing rather than decreasing the deficit.

Richard G. Wharton
Rock Island, Ill.

Speaking Up

Contrary to the June 25 "On the Record," I am not a "State Department spokesman," but the elected chairman of the Secretary's Open Forum, which exists, outside the Department's hierarchy, to promote discussion of foreign-policy issues. So don't blame State for my invitation to *People's Daily World* correspondent Tim Wheeler. I picked him to see what a lifelong Communist, in the midst of Communism's disarray, would say about its future. In explaining my selection of Mr. Wheeler to a correspondent for *Human Events* (presumably the source for "On the Record"), I cited Constantine Menges, not as an exact counterpart of Mr. Wheeler, but as an illustration of the ideological variety of our speakers.

Lars H. Hydle
Chairman
The Secretary's Open Forum
U.S. Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Organized, Sanctioned, Terrifying

Pamyat is more than rhetoric, photo opportunities, and good copy, and it does not meet in telephone booths ["The Week," May 28]. It is an officially sanctioned organization with a registered bank account and active branches in Moscow, Leningrad, Novosibirsk, and Sverdlovsk. It holds mass demonstrations with government approval. Soviet Jews take it very seriously.

Fortunately, pogroms against Jews did not occur on May 5. Probably because the world was watching. We continue to watch and monitor Pamyat's words and actions.

The price of freedom is that all be allowed to express their views. But a free society must also ensure security for its citizens. Soviet Jews have yet to hear President Gorbachev speak out strongly against anti-Semitism and Pamyat. Until they do, Pamyat and other extremists in the USSR must be considered serious threats to the safety of Jews.

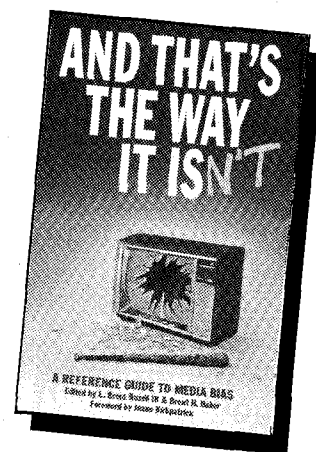
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FROM THE EDITOR

Court Disorder

■ There are, it seems, two methods for amending the U.S. Constitution. There are the procedures in the Constitution itself, known in political debate as "tampering with the Bill of Rights." And there is a method of more recent invention: constitutional amendment by a 5 to 4 majority in the Supreme Court. This method is a classic constitutional bastard, a child with no name but many parents, triumphing over every obstacle with the aid of those who deny any knowledge of its existence.

Recently, for instance, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor casually overturned the Sixth Amendment. She ruled that the accused's "right" to confront his accusers was merely a "preference" in cases of child molestation.

On the same day, the Court overturned the Fourteenth Amendment for the umpteenth time. It decided that minority applicants for broadcast licenses could be given preference where "important governmental objectives" were at stake. And the *New York Times*, supporting this in an editorial, stood the amendment on its head: "As Justice William Brennan held . . . [Congress] has special powers over such commerce, including the power to enforce the *Fourteenth Amendment's* guarantee of equal protection of the laws." (Let me commend to readers Horace Walpole's remark that this world is "a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel." If you're on the wrong side of that division, a double brandy will usually help.)

Can the Constitution be protected against judicial amendment? There are, of course, the Constitution's own remedies: an amendment, or Article III, Section 2. But these are increasingly regarded as dead letters.

Nor will much be achieved if the advocates of particular causes—flag-burning laws, equal protection, presumption of innocence—go off on their own tangents. What is required is a single reform to address them all.

In a letter to me, Mr J. Z. Menard of Granville, Ohio, proposed a constitutional amendment as follows: "The President shall have the power to veto decisions of the Supreme Court, and the veto shall stand unless the Court decision is ratified by vote of two-thirds of the members of each of the Houses of Congress."

This would modify *Marbury v. Madison*, of course. But what John Marshall obtained was the power to declare laws unconstitutional. His successors have obtained the power to declare the Constitution unconstitutional. We should not help them to exercise that power.

■ American policy since the War has been to encourage a United States of Europe built around the European Community, which is itself built around the Franco-German entente.

But two developments now cast doubt on the wisdom of this approach. The first of these was all too evident in Houston, where the U.S. and the EC almost came to blows over the Community's lavish farm subsidies.

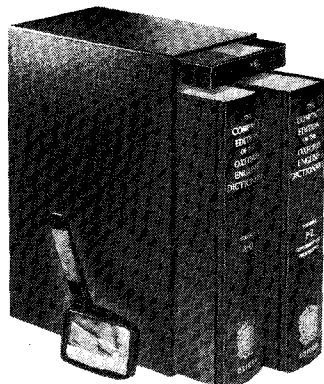
Further, as only Jeane Kirkpatrick has noticed, the EC's habit of reaching iron-clad internal agreements means that time and again the U.S. is denied the support of those EC members which (such as Britain on agriculture) have more sympathy with the U.S. than with their neighbors. As a result, an EC caucus divides and rules a much larger Atlantic Community.

But the second development—the liberation of Eastern Europe—makes possible a great European confederation of sovereign states, based upon free trade, political cooperation, and closer ties to the United States.

This "Europe of Homelands" is imaginatively outlined in this issue by Bronislaw Geremek, the parliamentary leader of Solidarity. His article begins an occasional series on America's European policy which will attempt to catch up with these new realities.

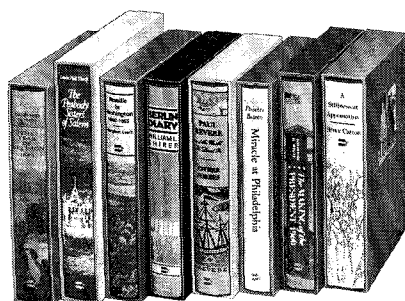
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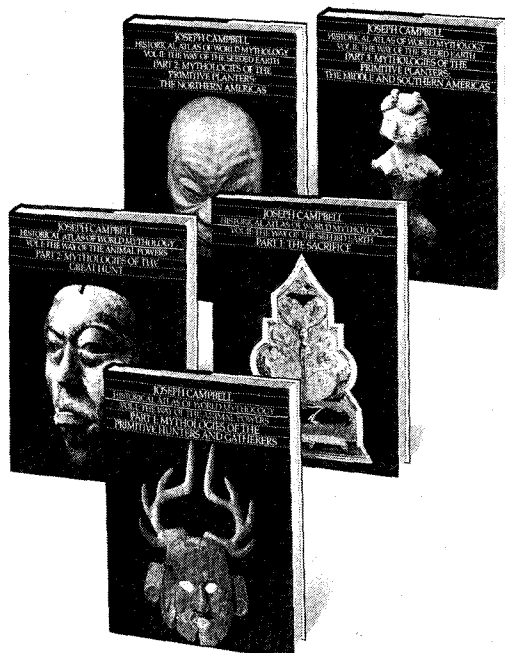
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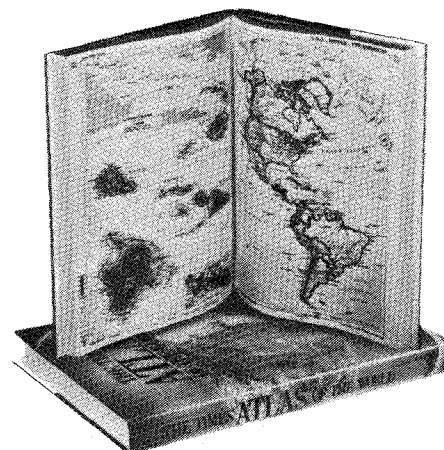
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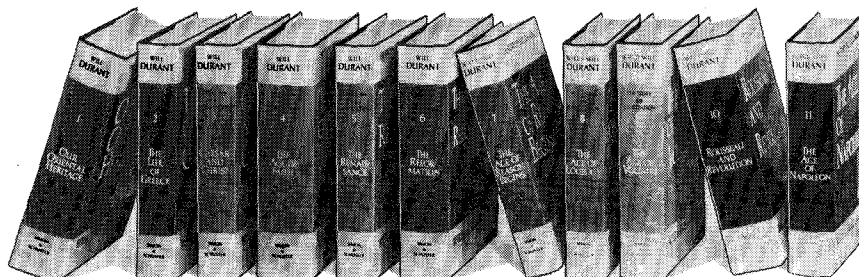
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ON THE RECORD

■ **Fallout on George Bush's** abandonment of "no new tax" pledge: President's approval rating, according to **Gallup** poll, has dropped to 63 per cent, down from 69 per cent in June, 80 per cent in January. Survey found 54 per cent disapprove of willingness to raise taxes. From 1989 to 1990, belief in Bush tax pledge among Americans had risen from 24 to 54 per cent. **Wirthlin** survey finds President's "strong" support has fallen to 22 per cent. . . . **John Sununu** is being blamed for failing to warn anti-tax GOP members of Congress beforehand. . . . **Jack Kemp** seems to disagree with President's new stand. Just prior to Bush bombshell, Kemp said: "Let the Democrats raise taxes. I say it's time for a tax cut." . . . Heritage Foundation labeled Bush's change of heart "a deplorable flip-flop" and compared it to burning a flag or furloughing **Willie Horton**. . . . **Dan Quayle** reassured attendees of summer RNC meeting that his boss did not kick away GOP's major issue. The VP argued: "The reaction of some Democrats to the President's June 26 announcement was a useful reminder of this fundamental difference between our two parties. The President reluctantly announced that he would consider tax-revenue increases to get the negotiation going."

■ **ELECTION UPDATES:** Gallup showed list of potential presidential candidates for 1992 to Democratic voters; no clear front-runner emerged: **Mario Cuomo**, 15 per cent; **Jesse Jackson**, 14; **Michael Dukakis**, 13. . . . *Human Events* reports only 31 per cent of electorate now admits voting for Dukakis, though he received 46 per cent of the vote. . . . Hottest senatorial race this year shaping up in North Carolina, with **Jesse Helms** trailing in polls against black former Charlotte Mayor **Harvey Gantt**. Among groups supporting Gantt is "North Carolina Senate Vote '90," whose director, **Mandy Carter**, describes it as a "coa-

lition of arts advocates, peace and justice activists, people of color, gays and lesbians." . . . Possible GOP takeover in Nebraska. Republican former Rep. **Hal Daub** is just nine points behind Democratic Sen. **Jim Exon**. . . . In Washington State, Rep. **Rod Chandler** announced in late June his candidacy against Democratic Sen. **Brock Adams**. AP has Chandler early front-runner. . . . In California, **Dianne Feinstein** holds slight (40 to 37 per cent) lead over GOP Sen. **Pete Wilson** in race for statehouse, reports *L.A. Times*. . . . In Massachusetts gubernatorial primaries, *Boston Globe/WBZ* poll shows, among Democrats, **Francis Bellotti**: 32 per cent; **John Silber**: 32; **Evelyn Murphy**: 27. Among GOP, **Steven Pierce**: 43; **William Weld**: 23. . . . **Evans & Novak** reports Rep. **Barney Frank** has no formidable opposition for re-election, though he could lose seat in 1991 redistricting.

■ In Louisiana, nation's most restrictive anti-abortion bill rests in hands of Gov. **Buddy Roemer** (D.), who is undecided whether to veto or not sign, in which case it becomes law. . . . Michigan Right to Life collected 333,187 petition signatures (192,000 needed) to put before legislature a bill requiring



"Next year we'll have to get up even earlier to beat the Germans to the beach."

girls under 18 to get parental consent before receiving an abortion. Majority of state House and Senate members signed petition. . . . Pro-abortion groups in Missouri failed to meet deadline to gather 112,000 signatures needed to place amendment on ballot which would have overturned last year's *Webster* ruling. . . . In 1989 *New York Times*/CBS poll, 48 per cent of respondents agreed with statement, "Abortion is the same thing as murdering a child." . . . **Paul Bruch**, of Connecticut Right to Life: "We're having children. . . . The pro-abortion people are killing all of theirs. We're going to outnumber them one of these days. Just give us a little time."

■ **MANDELAMANIA:** **Tom Brokaw** of NBC on **Nelson Mandela**: "a kind of philosopher-king"; **Carole Simpson** (ABC): "an almost god-like father figure"; **Harry Smith** (CBS): "the second coming." . . . **Markinor** poll in South Africa finds 84 per cent—black and white—opposed to sanctions. Approximately six in ten are opposed even if sanctions would lead to resignation of present government within five years. And 59 per cent of blacks, 51 per cent of whites think American companies in South Africa can be effective in moving government away from apartheid. . . . *New Wave (Novaya Volna)* Radio in Siberia, which broadcasts VOA jazz shows, has requested tapes on private enterprise and democracy.

■ **Regnery Gateway** plans thirtieth-anniversary publication of **Barry Goldwater's** *Conscience of a Conservative*, with introduction by **Pat Buchanan**. . . . The National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial Fund expects mid-1991 completion of memorial honoring law-enforcement officials killed in the line of duty. . . . National Journalism Center, which offers training in researching, writing, and editing, also offers fellowships in economic journalism. Next session begins Sept. 17; application deadline Sept. 8. For info, contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ **Jay Leno** on **Marion Barry**: "He says he will not run for mayor again. With all the drinking and womanizing problems he's had, I think he feels more qualified to be in the Senate."

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THE WEEK

■ How come the same liberals who damn the flag-protection amendment as "tampering with the Bill of Rights" don't object to a "civil rights" act that repeals the presumption of innocence by statute?

■ Since George Bush did his about-face on taxes he's finding that his fellow Republicans are giving him more trouble than the Democrats. At a recent Republican National Committee meeting in Chicago, the President was spared embarrassment when participants tabled a resolution supporting his new position rather than subject it to debate. But that's going to be hard to repeat when the House Republican Conference takes up a resolution by Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.) putting his GOP colleagues in the House on record as opposing any tax increase to fight the deficit. The resolution has not been voted on as we go to press, but it's expected to pass—which will make it difficult for the President to come back to the House with any deal that includes a tax increase. Precisely the kind of help the White House needs these days.

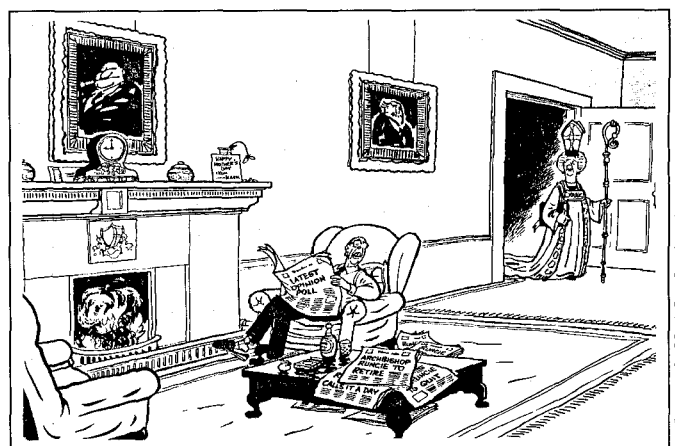
■ Keep an eye on the Republican senatorial primary race in Michigan, which will decide whether Clark Durant or Representative Bill Schuette will take on Senator Carl Levin in November. Schuette is a solid Republican (ACU: 76); Durant is a movement conservative—former vice president of Hillsdale College, President Reagan's reforming head of the Legal Services Corporation (see *NR*, Aug. 5, 1988). Durant would not only join Schuette in signing the congressional Republicans' no-new-tax pledge, he would press for further tax-rate cuts. On abortion, Schuette opposes federal funding; Durant supports a Human Life Amendment and also, in talking to right-to-life groups, stresses the importance of offering real help to the hard cases. Senator Levin (ADA: 80) will not be a pushover, and the distinction between the two challengers is nothing like that between Pierre Rinfret and Herb London in New York—more like that between, say, George Bush and Jack Kemp. Michigan Republicans may find that enough of a difference on August 7.

■ Some of the worst S&L culprits—Alan Cranston comes to mind—are rushing to reform campaign-financing laws so that "it won't happen again" [see

"S&L for Scandal," p. 13]. We might usefully recall that the last major wave of campaign reform, in the early Seventies, gave us political-action committees. The heart of the matter, which none of these reforms addresses, is that the Federal Government has been growing steadily for almost sixty years, cancerously so for at least 25. Ronald Reagan just slowed things down. If you can't opt out of the redistribution game, some are bound to decide, better make friends with the referees. (Rupert Murdoch, former owner of a Boston TV station, learned what happens when you annoy Ted Kennedy.) The influence of money on politics is directly related to the influence of politics on money. When politicians have their hands on billions, buying a politician becomes a very good investment. Reforms that try to restrict access to the commodity of political influence are as successful as any other regulation of the market. The only real solution is to reduce the value of the commodity: reduce the power of government.

■ The management of the Republican Party has been cowed by the media attack on the Willie Horton TV spots. Of course, the Willie Horton spots were accurate: he is a murderer and a rapist, and he was furloughed by the Dukakis administration in Massachusetts. But what about Dianne Feinstein? In a hot primary contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in California, she made the RNC types look like civics teachers. She slugged her opponent, John Van de Kamp, with the Hillside Strangler, a serial killer of a decade ago: her ads featured the bagged body of one of the killer's victims, and the voiceover stated that District Attorney Van de Kamp had not prosecuted the Strangler. Miss Feinstein Hortonized Van de Kamp, and won going away. Was she criticized for "negative campaigning"? Are you kidding? She's "feisty" and "charismatic."

■ Encouraged by images of freedom abroad, available nightly on black-and-white television sets that cost the equivalent of ten months' salary, the people



"If by some remote chance you did get ousted in a leadership bid, Maggie dear—any plans?"

“100% American political process, warts and all.”

The Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine

August 14, 1988

When it comes to C-SPAN's election coverage, Robin Warshaw of *The Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine* said it best. With cable's public affairs network, you can see political events unfold as C-SPAN's unblinking cameras travel from state to state — bringing you Election '90 coverage from start to finish.

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Debate Coverage - Mondays starting September 10
8:00 pm ET/5:00 pm PT

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of Albania are beginning to stir. Over the past several weeks, more than four thousand have evaded flurries of gunfire, storming embassy compounds in the capital city of Tirana with hopes of gaining asylum. The audible consternation from within Albania and diplomatic pressure from Western European countries whose embassies are under siege have forced the hand of Ramiz Alia, whose totalitarian regime has issued passports to those fortunate enough to make it to embassy grounds. Thus far, 3,700 have been allowed to leave, first to Italy, but with connections to Germany and France. The stories told by the refugees are your basic Stalinist fare: brutally repressed religion, censored speech, torture by police, with the added attraction of one month per year in a labor camp for all individuals between the ages of 15 and 26. But events are following a by-now familiar pattern, and Alia may soon learn the consequences of allowing a little water over the dam.

■ As South Africa contemplated a transformation of its political scene, looking toward eventual black participation, Nelson Mandela's African National Congress—committed to violent revolution and to the collectivist economics that have laid waste so much of Africa—was doing its best to position itself as the only game in town for those who could not bring themselves to support the ruling National Party. Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi has now undercut the ANC's attempt by announcing the formation of a pro-free-market, anti-sanctions, multiracial political party, the Inkatha Freedom Party. There is some doubt that the new party, with its roots so firmly in the Zulu tribe, will attract many non-Zulus to its banners. But the move should make it impossible to freeze Buthelezi out of any coming negotiations. The chief is a completely credible opponent of apartheid; for example, he refused to negotiate with the government until it released Nelson Mandela. Mandela, on the other hand, has since spurned him on orders from the ANC leadership. Buthelezi takes orders from no one, so don't expect to see him on any T-shirts.

■ The two principal opposition leaders were put in

■ Beginning with the fall issue, *The University Bookman*, the quarterly edited by Russell Kirk and given over to the examination of academic material, will no longer go automatically to every subscriber of NATIONAL REVIEW. However, any subscriber desiring to continue receiving *The University Bookman* may do so. You need only write to NR Subscription Department, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, giving your name and address as they appear on your NR subscription, and saying: "Bookman, yes."

jail and a democracy movement that brought peaceful demonstrators into the streets of Rangoon and other Burmese cities was crushed two years ago with at least as much brutality as Comrade Deng used against the democracy movement in Tiananmen Square nine months later. Because TV cameras were not in place, however, or possibly because no one has cared for a long, long time what happens in Burma, there was no international outcry at the killings and jailings. Confident of its control, the ruling military junta scheduled elections this spring. It was a big mistake. The spark of freedom ignited by Solidarity a decade earlier and half a world away is proving unquenchable. Two-thirds of the people of Burma went to the polls and voted out the gangsters. Whether they will go is another question. But if we were in Deng's shoes, what happened in Burma would cause us a frisson or two.

■ From an October 13, 1988, letter by George Bush to Povilas Janciauskas, an officer of the Lithuanian American Community, quoted recently in the *Wall Street Journal*: "Freedom is not a privilege—it is a human right. The United States has always condemned the violation of your national sovereignty, and in the years ahead it will never condone the forced occupation of Lithuania by the Soviet Union. To do so would be to turn our backs on our own values and heritage. As a nation born out of a struggle against tyranny, Americans should never apologize for helping others win their freedom and I never will. And so, as we enter the final stretch of the campaign, I would respectfully request that you support my candidacy."

■ There is a lot of discussion these days about animal experimentation for medical and other purposes. The issue is not about to go away, and it should be addressed intelligently on a case-by-case basis. Much of such research is justified. On the other hand, much appears to be frivolous and undertaken as an aspect of grantsmanship; if appearances are correct, such "research" wastes taxpayers' money, as well as causing needless pain. To take an example given in *Animal Experimentation: The Consensus Changes* (Chapman and Hall), was it really necessary to place one hundred newborn lambs in a freezing chamber to determine that sheep vary in their resistance to cold? A critical review of such experimentation is as valid as a critical review of public money for Mapplethorpe and Serrano.

■ The New Jersey Supreme Court Task Force on Women in the Courts, set up to "examine gender bias in the judiciary," is recommending that the use of pronouns be banned in the New Jersey judiciary. In the interest of recognizing "each individual's abilities, life experiences, and aspirations," six pages of

linguistic restrictions have been outlined. Really, it's not at all surprising: the only thing not protected by the First Amendment these days is speech.

■ "The market is not an invention of capitalism. It has existed for centuries. It is an invention of civilization." Thus spoke Mikhail Gorbachev, at a live, televised news conference, arguing that the creation of a market economy was "essential" to the Soviet Union. We hope this advice reaches such uncivilized backwaters as Washington, D.C.

■ In case you were wondering, 2 Live Crew's *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* uses the F word 226 times, or once every 21.4 seconds; rhymes-with-rich 163 times, once every 300 seconds; and assorted references to genitalia 117 times, once every 42.8 seconds. All told there are 6.2 obscenities per minute, or one every 9.67 seconds.

■ The wonder is that 2 Live Crew was overlooked for a grant from the NEA.

■ Fred Leuchter, the nation's leading engineer of capital-punishment devices, is on a crusade to create systems that will spare those who are executed unnecessary suffering. His innovations include a sleeve that fits around the hangman's noose so as to prevent rope burn. He's working on a similar device for taxpayers.

S&L for Scandal

THE NON-AGGRESSION pact is history. The Democrats and their allies in the media have invaded the formerly nonpartisan S&L turf with their patented brand of bombast. George Bush is now the "S&L President." This is his "Waterloo," if not his Watergate. And the strategy seems to be working: the latest poll shows twice as many Americans blaming the Republicans as blaming the Democrats.

The Republicans are indeed responsible, but not in the way the Democrats would have us believe. Ronald Reagan's landslide victory in 1980 convinced Democratic politicians that they needed vast sums of money to counter the conservative tide. The S&L industry, already in financial trouble, was only too eager to help. Within a few years S&L PACs were established to funnel millions of dollars to key members of Congress. The former House Banking Committee chairman, Fernand St Germain (D., R.I.), made out particularly well. He, Jim Wright, Tony Coelho, and the Keating Five (four Democrats, one Republican) fell over each other to do favors for their new banker friends.

Financial deregulation was, and is, a good idea. A Republican idea. By allowing banks to offer market interest rates the Republicans put an end to the recurring credit crunches that stymied economic growth during the Seventies. Without this freedom the thrift industry would have died of starvation. Deregulation would have been debacle-free but for two Democratic-inspired mistakes. During the last year of the Carter Administration the ceiling on deposit insurance was raised from \$40,000 to \$100,000. This created a new breed of depositor: Wall Street money brokers. For a fee they were happy to place \$100,000 chunks of money in whatever thrift was offering the highest rate that day, usually the one closest to insolvency. Street-corner institutions with no experience in big-time finance doubled or tripled their deposits in months.

A market economy's success depends as much on the discipline of failure as on the rewards of success. The structure of deposit insurance made failure impossible for depositors; it subsidized failure for the S&Ls by charging them identical premiums no matter how risky their loans or incompetent their management. The hazards of doing this were well known, but the deposit-insurance increase was never debated publicly. According to eyewitnesses, four members of Congress at that time—Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.), Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.), Senator Jake Garn (R., Utah), and Representative St Germain—decided on the deposit-insurance increase in a back room during a temporary adjournment. It was never debated publicly.

A few years later the S&Ls turned to Congress again. Their beef: you deregulated our liabilities (deposits) but didn't deregulate our assets. A legitimate complaint, and in 1982 the thrifts were allowed to diversify into commercial loans, office buildings, even businesses like fast-food restaurants. But the irrepressible Mr. St Germain couldn't leave well enough alone. His bill also encouraged S&Ls to lend up to 100 per cent of an asset's appraised value, even if the actual purchase price was lower. S&Ls could now lend \$2 million on a \$1-million project so long as an

Why Democrats Are Discreet

They can't, like folks on New Year's Eve,
Don party hats, hiccup, and heave
While toasting Mr. Bush's lips;
So, silently, they sample nips
In back rooms where a boozy wink
Won't lead constituents to think
They're sneaking off to have a blast
And celebrate pork barrels past.

W. H. VON DREELE

accommodating appraiser could be found. Speculators and swindlers moved in. Their motto: "Heads I win, tails FSLIC loses."

The S&L industry was technically bankrupt the day the Reagan Administration took office: 3,300 of the 3,800 then-existing S&Ls lost money in 1981. In retrospect the Reagan Administration should have closed down many of these institutions immediately. But the S&L lobby effectively blocked this option. Regulators were leaned on to issue "special certificates" and other illusory assets to sick S&Ls, enabling them to stay in business. When Reagan regulators began to blow the whistle on Capitol Hill in 1984 and 1985, they were bullied by legislators on both sides of the aisle. In 1986 and 1987 then-Treasury Secretary James Baker's \$15-billion bailout plan was sabotaged by Democrats Wright and St Germain along with their friends from the U.S. League of Savings Institutions, the largest thrift lobby. The delay added billions to the eventual cost.

Deregulation didn't do it. The Democrats did.

The U.S. and Europe: Change Partners

IT IS ONLY 13 months since the previous NATO summit in Brussels was debating whether NATO's short-range missiles, stationed in West Germany and targeted against East Germany, should be modernized to deal with the threat from the Warsaw Pact. Since then the world has been turned upside down. East and West Germany are fast becoming one country; the short-range missiles are being scrapped; the Warsaw Pact is on its death bed; and the remaining question at NATO's London summit was how best to keep a united Germany within the Alliance. Everything in NATO's "Declaration of London"—the affirmation that Moscow was no longer regarded as an enemy, the acceptance of the Soviet proposal for a non-aggression pact, the ambiguous description of nuclear weapons as "of last

New York in '92

Like moths to a lightbulb, the Democrats come,
Though columnists say the selection was dumb,
Since memories fester around the Northeast
When Carter, like someone already deceased,
Assaulted the rostrum as Kennedy fled—
Himself a cadaver among the undead.
But Gotham it is, so light up and relax
As, like Lizzie Borden, Bush readies his whacks.

W. H. VON DREELE

resort"—was designed to make that outcome palatable to Gorbachev, to the Red Army, and to the hardliners at the Soviet Party Congress, which was meeting simultaneously in Moscow.

At the Congress, Gorbachev's foreign policy was treated with a biting contempt never before directed at a Soviet leader in any Communist Party forum. The withdrawal from Eastern Europe and the reunification of Germany were depicted as enormous defeats for Soviet power, which they are. But there was no tactical retreat by Gorbachev and his allies to a harder ideological line. Instead, three quite opposite developments occurred in quick succession. The Communist Party was weakened still further when Boris Yeltsin departed [see below, "Yeltsin: Lightning Rod or Leader?"] and when radical democrats split off to form their own new party. Gorbachev, plainly moving to establish his power as Soviet president rather than as Party secretary, ended the Party's media monopoly. And finally, in a meeting with Chancellor Kohl of West Germany, he reversed himself and accepted NATO membership for a united Germany. If that comes to pass, as now looks likely, the West will have won a diplomatic and strategic victory almost unimaginable a year ago.

Observers at that time were impressed by the Soviet leader's diplomatic maneuvering. He was thought to be advancing, through a dazzling combination of stealth and popularity, toward a neutral Europe, decoupled from the United States and overawed by Soviet military nuclear power. Even after the former satellites obtained their freedom, a lopsided European neutrality still seemed possible, with Soviet tanks just across the border and U.S. tanks across the Atlantic. When that possibility faded, the Soviets proposed a continentwide security system built around the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe in place of the two alliances. But the CSCE was whittled down in the NATO communiqué to a "more formal" and in effect marginal role. America and Europe remain coupled in NATO. Soviet diplomacy appears to have gained none of its objectives.

For alliances, however, moments of success are also moments of peril. Less than a week after London, the Western powers disagreed strongly at the Houston economic summit over financial assistance to the Soviet Union and the reduction of agricultural subsidies worldwide. These disagreements were eventually smoothed over by unsatisfactory compromises which left the U.S. looking isolated and reduced in influence.

What is worse, the problems were not accidents but reflected deep structural flaws in the present economic arrangement of the Atlantic Alliance. As Jeane Kirkpatrick pointed out, "the process of compromising differences within the European Community can deprive America of good friends on contro-

versial issues. The United Kingdom could never have permitted U.S. planes to overfly Britain to bomb Libya if the matter had been decided in the EC." Mrs. Kirkpatrick's view was confirmed at Houston: the British supported the U.S. position during the summit but are expected to toe the joint European line subsequently. As 1992 comes and goes, economic disputes across the Atlantic are likely to grow. The U.S. might well be drawn into a series of trade wars with Europe. Might we then not retaliate by moving toward a hemispheric free-trade area, as was implicit in President Bush's recent initiative on Latin America? Unfortunately it is no longer alarmist to envision an economic version of Orwell's *1984*, with three great protectionist blocs built around Japan (Eastasia), Germany (Eurasia), and the U.S. (Oceania).

But that is only half the danger. The EC's extension of collective decision-making to questions of foreign and defense policy is likely to extend conflict with the U.S. to a whole new range of issues. Given enough disputes, military as well as economic ties across the Atlantic would be gradually weakened and perhaps severed. Since Soviet military power is, despite the setbacks mentioned above, more technologically advanced than before, and since EC defense cooperation is still a vague aspiration, a divorce between America and Europe would be highly perilous for both parties. The logic of this situation is that the U.S. must begin to think about developing an economic equivalent to the joint U.S.-European defense cooperation in NATO. Our present policy is just to look on the bright side.

Yeltsin: Lightning Rod Or Leader?

WITH THE resignation of Russian President Boris Yeltsin from the Communist Party, the political struggle has entered a new phase unprecedented in Soviet history.

Yeltsin's decision does not mean that the Soviet Union is moving closer to a multi-party system. The Communist Party remains the only serious political force on a countrywide scale. But it does mean that Yeltsin has offered himself as a lightning rod for discontent in the confrontation between the Party apparatus and an angry population.

Until recently, alienated sections of the population were able to mobilize impressive mass support but had no institutional means to press their claims. Those who rebelled—whether Baltic nationalists or exploited Siberian miners—always found themselves alone and without resources in the struggle with the Party's state machine.

With Yeltsin's withdrawal from the Party, how-

ever, that situation has changed. As a non-Party member and the highest-ranking legitimately elected Soviet official, Yeltsin is now in a position to be a genuine advocate of the unjustly treated in Soviet society, making it that much more difficult for these groups to be intimidated with economic sanctions or pacified with promises that the central authorities have no intention of fulfilling. Yeltsin could, in short, emerge as the freely elected head of a shadow government actively working through non-violent means to replace the real government, which is a product of the Communist regime.

Despite the promise of Yeltsin's situation, however, there are also dangers. Yeltsin owes his present popularity to the fact that he has attacked Party privileges, but there has been no sign that he has a clearly thought-out program of his own. He has called for free markets, but only if standards of living do not suffer. And his attacks on Party privilege are successful in part because they exploit the economic envy which is Soviet society's most important psychological barrier to genuine reform.

Yeltsin is in a position to catalyze a real transformation, but everything depends on his ability to evolve from the Party's nemesis into a genuine leader. This means he must be guided by a vision—that of a Russia in which the government turns its face to the welfare of its citizens and, throwing off the past, begins the process of spiritual recovery and systemic reform.

Soaking the Garden State Rich

THE TAX-AND-SPEND constituencies have had a dozen years of being on the political defensive, and they've gotten restless. The Howard Jarvis of their would-be counterattack is New Jersey's new governor, Jim Florio. Since winning office last November, Florio has passed a progressive state income tax (rates go up for all couples earning over \$70,000, while the top rate, which kicks in at \$150,000 per couple, is double the previous rate), and a new school-aid program, which will redistribute state money to poor school districts.

Culturally, Florio, who broke his jaw boxing in the Navy, represents what Adam Walinsky called the "Al Smith party," the ethnic voters who by now constitute a very small element of the Democratic coalition. (Florio, interestingly, favors the death penalty.) Politically, he belongs to the soak-the-rich tradition of Harry Truman. Since Adlai Stevenson, national Democrats have been culturally white-bread, stylistically prim. Except by arguing with Kitty, how could Michael Dukakis ever break his jaw? Florio is a reversion to an older type.

The history of taxation suggests that Florioism will drive business out of the state, although New Jersey may be helped by the fact that it abuts Mario Cuomo's New York. If disaster doesn't strike, the idologues of envy will hold the state up as an example. In Jim Florio, they already have a spokesman.

Mitch Snyder, R I P

MITCH SNYDER, who died by suicide on July 5, was the master of accusation. He was described as an "advocate" for the homeless, but it would be more true to say that he used this ill-assorted collection of the abnormal and the irresponsible to dramatize his disgust with society. In this he was in "uneasy alliance with the media," as the *Washington Post* put it in a headline. He "had a way of making you feel ashamed of yourself," Chuck Conconi wrote in the *Post*—this meant as a compliment. Others, including Mitch himself, saw his position more clearly. In 1985, standing outside a homeless shelter in Washington, Snyder told me: "What we're doing here is very dangerous."

He was using the method of modern liberalism (blaming society as a whole for the failure of individuals to take responsibility for their lives) and carrying it to uncomfortable extremes. Liberals knew they had no principle of resistance to their own principle. So they couldn't stop him if he went too far. His media attention came from *60 Minutes*, his pro-bono legal assistance from Covington & Burling, his docudrama offers from Hollywood. But he wasn't in it for the money. In the federal penitentiary at Danbury, Conn. (he was convicted of transporting a stolen vehicle across state lines), he met the brothers Berri-gan, who gave him "a sense of power."

Threatening suicide by starvation in 1984, Snyder persuaded the Reagan Administration to provide government money to rebuild his shelter. But in Carol Fennelly, described in the obituaries as his girlfriend, he seems to have encountered an individ-

Mr. Cuomo Observed

There was a time when, like the Piper, he
Aroused the spaced-out with his minstrelsy;
When trendy San Franciscans bade good-bye
To live-in lovers when they heard this guy.
Today, where Mr. Cuomo makes his home,
Taxpayers cower in a catacomb
While Moody's mercilessly bombs his bonds
And business, as boat people do, responds.

W. H. VON DREELE

ual less tractable than the state. Snyder left a suicide note "that focused on his failed romance with Fennelly," according to the *Washington Post*. Miss Fennelly would only say: "It was a private struggle that I will never speak of." Before hanging himself, Snyder locked the outside door to his bedroom at the shelter, then unlocked the inside door to Carol Fennelly's adjoining bedroom. He "had planned for her to find him dangling at the end of an electrical cord," according to Courtland Milloy of the *Post*. (But someone else found him.) Elsewhere in the paper, Snyder was compared to St. Francis of Assisi.

In 1985, I asked Snyder if he believed in an after-life. He said he thought we were all in hell right now, a hell created by "the limitations of the flesh. The struggle. Because we're imperfect creatures. So we pay a price for that." Mitch Snyder was in rebellion against creation itself. It wasn't that he didn't believe in God. He believed that God hadn't done the job right. But by collective action we could correct this flawed design. Now that his rebellion is over, let us pray that Mitch finds the peace he could not find on earth.

—TOM BETHELL

Giff Foley, R I P

HOBART Amory Hare Baker, an Edwardian gentleman, may have been the greatest football player in Princeton's history. He died in a stalled Spad in France in 1918. Giff Foley, in many ways a present-day version of Baker, was doing barrel rolls at an air show on July 1 when his plane plunged into the Niagara River before an audience of several thousand. He was about to join Jack Kemp as a top aide at HUD.

Gifford T. Foley, who graduated in 1971, was a Dartmouth legend. He roared into Hanover, N.H., from Winnetka, Ill., on a chopper motorcycle. Black-Irish handsome, with high test scores, a much-recruited football player, 250 pounds and as agile as a bat, he arranged a détente with the local police. He would not notice them if they did not notice him.

In due course, he got into so many scrapes that his friends and enemies both advised him to leave college and regroup. He joined the U.S. Marines and fought in Vietnam, his specialty being the destruction of North Vietnamese machine-gun nests. He was repeatedly decorated. Later, he liked to show home movies of Vietnam combat—a *slow* war, puffs of explosions in the dark green countryside, nothing like the Hollywood version. On rest-and-recreation, he did not go to the Tokyo sex dives, but won boxing titles in the heavyweight championships of the Pacific Fleet.

Back at Dartmouth, he rejoined the football team and played a highly destructive tackle on the famous

Lambert Trophy team of 1970. Then there was Harvard Business School, marriage, and rapid success in business.

He was a strong conservative, a patriot, an inspiration to later students, and a mocker of trendy pieties. As in the case of Hobey Baker, there were hints of restlessness; hence the stunt flying. Dead at 43. As Yeats wrote of Major Robert Gregory, the Irish airman shot down over France, "Soldier, scholar, horseman, he, / . . . What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?" —JH

NOTES & ASIDES

Remarks by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. at Yale University, to the Class Banquet, Fortieth Reunion, Class of 1950

SOME OF US who wondered if we would ever be this old, now wonder whether we were ever young.

Most of us are older today than Franklin Delano Roosevelt was when he died, five months before we arrived in New Haven. Were we ever young?

Three weeks before matriculating at Yale, I was in a little hotel bar in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, with my future college roommate and two of my sisters after a day's sailing. I ordered a beer and was surprised when the waitress asked to see my driver's license. I was not quite 21 years old, and so was told to settle for a Coke or a 7-Up. I remember the great welling up of resentment. Should I tell her that six months earlier I had been in charge of a detachment of one thousand men at Fort Sam Houston, Texas? I thought the indignity monstrous—but had the sense to keep my mouth shut. There wasn't a barmaid in Newport you could impress by reciting your war record. And anyway, it was all very good training for reaching Yale as a freshman.

There were 1,800 of us—double the normal enrollment—because one of Yale's contributions to the war effort had been to make a comprehensive promise to matriculate, once the war was over, every single student it had accepted, during the war, from the graduating secondary-school classes. Never mind how many we would be: somehow Yale would find food, quarters, and teachers for us. It is a good thing the war did not go on to Peloponnesian length; even as it was, several hundred freshmen were forced to occupy old Quonset huts, built during the war for service use, and the rest of us to double up. The shortage of teachers in certain fields was so acute that in my freshman year I found myself being taught economics by a freshman in the Law School, and the following year I, along with two other undergraduates, was teaching Spanish.

There was an indistinct class structure, I remember: the veterans and the non-veterans. Formally,

the administration pursued egalitarian policies in dealing with us, with only the incidental perquisites (veterans got the Old Campus, not the Quonset huts). In fact, a little winking of the eye was done at mannerisms and practices Yale would not, I think, have indulged in a class made up of 17-year-olds. Frank Harman (RIP), a notorious physical slouch who had spent three sedentary years in the army learning how to speak Japanese, was told matter-of-factly at the compulsory physical exam at the Payne Whitney gymnasium that he would proceed, like the student ahead of him, to leap over a vaulting board. He turned to the athletic examiner and said simply, "You must be joking"—and walked quietly around the obstacle, on to the next station, deciding, one after another, whether he would submit to the test or treat it as he treated the ash on his cigarette. He got away with it.

How do you handle freshmen back from Omaha Beach? I remember the tryouts for the freshman debating team. One of the applicants we'll call Henry Atterbury. He delivered a fiery oration. When time came for the septuagenarian debate coach to deliver his critiques, he said quietly to Henry, "Mr. Atterbury, you really don't need to speak quite so . . . loudly." He got back from Atterbury, "I'm sorry about that, sir. I got into that habit having to shout to my men over the roar of tanks." Roaring Henry Atterbury (as we ever after referred to him), a college freshman, had been a captain in the artillery, and was living now with his *second* wife.

Henry was not easily governed. I won't forget his encounter with Dean DeVane (RIP) at the beginning of our sophomore year. Henry returned to New Haven one week after the semester had begun, and one of the few regulations about which Yale was inflexible, you will remember, was that all students should be present on the first and the last day of classes. Henry was accordingly summoned to the office of that calm, courteous, scholarly Southerner, who asked why Mr. Atterbury had been late.

"Well, sir," said Roaring Henry, "I spent the summer studying the Middle Ages, and I became so engrossed in the subject I completely forgot about the Gregorian calendar change."

The response of Dean DeVane became legendary. "Ah, Mr. Atterbury. In that event, you would have arrived in New Haven one week early." Roaring Henry went into hiding for a while after that one.

My roommate Richie O'Neill (RIP) was not easily trifled with. He came early to a decision that he needed to do something to tame the fastidious dean of the engineering school, who, an inflexible disciplinarian, required attendance at all classes, that being the rule for all engineering majors unless, on the mid-terms—which were several months away—they achieved the honor roll. When Richie slept in one Monday he found on Tuesday a summons to the of-

fice of Dean Loomis Havemeyer (RIP). Richie was six feet two, had fought as a Marine in Okinawa, was all Irish, and had the smile of Clark Gable; every time Richie smiled I was prompted to count the silver.

"Why did you miss your class yesterday, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Diarrhea, sir," Richie smiled.

He was thereafter immune to summonses from that office.

I reflect on the extent to which lines were drawn between veterans of the war and apple-cheeked freshmen, straight out of school. At first the difference was marked primarily by dress: veterans were almost studiously wedded to khaki pants. But after a month or so, the non-veterans, following the lead of their grizzled seniors, adopted similar dress; and, really, it was not all that easy to stare into the face of an 18-year-old and a twenty-year-old and discern in the latter the distinctive scars of service.

For one thing, there was no clear way, before the days of the super-directors of Hollywood, who learned exactly how to atrophy the young mien in order to document service time in Vietnam, to distinguish between the features of such as another of my roommates, who had taken part in the invasion of Iwo Jima, his closest friend dying at his side on the beach from machine-gun bullets, and such as me, who spent 24 months in the infantry stateside, miserably uncomfortable months, but the bullets we needed to dodge as we crawled on our bellies under barbed wire were carefully aimed several feet above our rumps.

In part the indistinction between us at college, veterans and non-veterans, grew out of the general knowledge that, overwhelmingly, those of us who

served were draftees, not volunteers. I suppose most of us would have enlisted: the Second World War, unlike its two successors in Korea and Vietnam, was a relatively popular war, causing the patriotic juices to run. But the differences between the six hundred and the 1,200 gradually dissolved, and maybe all that was finally detectable was the faint air of urgency characterizing young men older by several years than was normal for undergraduates. I was older when I entered Yale than my brother Jim was when he graduated from Yale.

If I measured it accurately—in 1947 we were introduced to a class of conventional non-veterans and could take measurements—the veteran population in the class of 1950 wasn't an altogether wizing influence on campus activity. Perhaps we were noticeably in something of a hurry to get on, get some learning, get married, get started in life. Money wasn't much of a worry, the GI Bill was paying our way, or substantially paying our way. There was carousing, if nothing on the scale of *Animal House*. Those of us who drank had learned two or three years earlier how to do so and when to stop doing so. Much of the time.

Eighteen hundred bright, individualistic men cultivated a lot of unusual pursuits. Fernando Valenti was practicing to become the world's leading harp-sichordist. Claes Oldenburg—I guess—was dreaming of great ironwork constructions, worrying only whether museums would be large enough to house them. Jimmy Symington was wondering whether he would ever learn enough to become a Republican. I rounded up a few friends and jointly we bought an airplane, and learned to fly, and did a little crash-landing, for instance one afternoon on the lawn of the Ethel Walker School, from which I was hauled

out, along with my brother-in-law-to-be Brent Bozell, by three hundred girls in high hilarity at the ignominious end of the two fly-happy Yale freshmen. Friendships were instantly struck up, sometimes under the oddest impulses. I sat for the first lecture in Physics 10 alongside another freshman, a young man of grave countenance. We were two of perhaps one hundred students, and at the end of the lecture, which had been given by a retired naval captain, we turned to each other—strangers—and the extrasensory circuit was instantly completed: we burst out into convulsive, almost hysterical laughter. We had a bond. Neither of us had understood a single word



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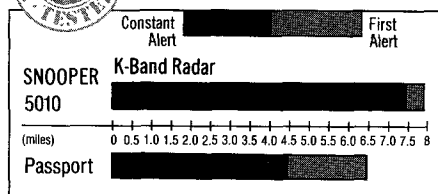
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uttered by the instructor. We ended fast friends and co-patrons of a private tutor who barely escorted us through the survivors' gate of Physics 10ab.

I think most of us, probably even including Henry Atterbury, were struck by something we had not, for some reason, anticipated: the awesome, breath-catching brilliance of some of our teachers. The basic course in philosophy, a survey course that began with Thales and ended with Whitehead, was taught by Robert Calhoun (RIP), a member of the faculty of the Divinity School. Remember? A tall, ruddy-faced man with crew-cut hair who wore a hearing aid. He spoke the kind of sentences John Stuart Mill wrote. Never a misplaced accent, qualifier, verb: sentence after sentence of preternatural beauty, formed as if in a magical compositors' shop, by golden artisans. Never pretentious, just plain beautiful. His learning so overwhelmed him that sometimes—and he was a man without affectation of any kind—sometimes as he traced a philosopher's thought schematically on the blackboard he would lapse into Greek, or perhaps Hebrew. When this happened there would be a quiet tittering in the classroom, but Professor Calhoun was deaf and didn't hear; so, after a while, we would just struggle to understand. He undertook, at the request of a few of us, to deliver a lecture at Dwight Hall bemoaning the Soviet coup in Czechoslovakia in 1948, and I can't believe that Demosthenes ever spoke more movingly. Yet Mr. Calhoun, at Yale, was just another professor in a department of philosophy star-studded with learning and brains.

Lewis Curtis (RIP), professor of European history, had a lecture course, and each of his lectures—they ran exactly 48 minutes—was a forensic tour de force. His description of the Battle of Jutland could have had a long run off Broadway. Pyrotechnics were deemed, at Yale in 1946, a little *infra dig*, so it wasn't thunder and lightning and morning lights that Lewis Curtis gave his class: rather, wit and polish. We could not believe it, and I still wonder at it, that anyone could deliver, three times a week, on schedule, discrete lectures sculpted so lovingly: they came out like Renaissance statues, buoyant yet lapidary. How do they do it? I think the wonder of scholarly profundity hit us as freshmen here, even if we were destined to wonder about the uses to which learning is so often put.

Another thing that struck us was something I came to think of as a genetic attribute of Yale, and this was a distinctive sense of gentility. We were addressed as adults. And, for the most part, treated as adults: by men sharply to be distinguished from those noisy martinets we had experienced at boot camp. We had, however briefly, a vision of an entirely different order of social arrangements: a community of scholars. We would eventually learn, through experience and through reading, that no

petty human vice is neglected in the academy, that fratricide does not stop at academic moats. But as students we were substantially shielded from such frictions because students are after all transient, and we were not competing with the faculty for anything. Perhaps our experience was in that sense denatured, but it is an ineffaceable part of the memory of four years at Yale: the very idea of institutional courtesy. We have never been quite the same after those four years. Perhaps not better in every way; but certainly we were now men who knew something about the scales of human achievement.

I THINK, in these mellow circumstances, of the great centrifugal forces in modern life. I sat late one night last week in the garage-study of my home in Stamford, putting these words together. My wife and I have lived there for almost forty years. Even so, I reflected last Monday, I have only twice laid eyes on the neighbor north of my property, and have yet to meet my neighbor to the south, who has occupied *his* house for 15 years. By temperament I am content with the doctrine that good fences make good neighbors; but good fences shouldn't evolve into barbed-wire barricades, though much of this is happening: the atomistic pull of high-tech living, in a high-tech age.

It was here at Yale, forty years ago, that a professor introduced me to a book by Anton Rossi, with its striking introduction that spoke of two Frenchmen, strangers at a sidewalk cafe, each one reading his newspaper and sipping his coffee in the late afternoon. Suddenly one raises his voice to the other:

"Say, do you like Jews?"

"No," the other man replied.

"Well, do you like Catholics?"

"No."

"Do you like Americans?"

"No."

"Do you like Frenchmen?"

"No."

"Well, who *do* you like?"

The naysayer raised his head slightly from his newspaper. "I like my friends," he said, going back to his paper.

So do I. And most of my friends I met forty-odd years ago, met them within a radius of two hundred yards of where I am now standing. It occurs to me that forty years is a very long time. Less than forty years went by between the day Lincoln was shot and the day Victoria died. Just forty years before we graduated was the year the Chinese abolished slavery, the year Edward VII died, as also William James and Mark Twain. Friendships that last forty years are something. Monuments, I call them. There are few better grounds for celebration. So let's toast to the class of 1950, and to the college that brought us together.

—WFB

Eastern Hopes and Illusions

ALISTAIR HORNE



Matt Jasiorowski

WEIMAR
IN ONE of his "prose poems," Solzhenitsyn writes of a dog, hungry and shackled ever since he was a puppy. One day when he was unleashed in the yard, he was thrown some delicious hot chicken. But the dog, rollicking in the snow, ignored it. Freedom was more important.

The parable occurred to me recently when I drove into the bankrupt German Democratic Republic from a fat and prosperous West Germany. On July 1, the Federal Republic took the first crucial step toward reunification, with Helmut Kohl's remarkably generous offer of a one-to-one conversion of the currency. But the *Pfennig* is beginning to drop in Bonn that material wants may be as nothing compared to the psychological requirements of people deprived of freedom these past 45 (plus 12) years.

The last time I visited East Germany was 11 years ago, on a trip to Dresden; and, before that, as London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in the

1950s. One's first reaction this time was that, materially, things had gotten far worse. To telephone a contact (who was lucky enough to have a number) in Gotha, an hour's drive away from Coburg across the frontier, proved quite impossible; it is reckoned that it will cost \$18.5 billion just to bring the East German telephone system up to par with the West's.

Over the once-lethal "Death Strip," where now you barely need to wave a passport at the *Volkspolizei*, the grey unpainted villages with their unkempt gardens and decaying walls hit you like a blow in the face. True, there are many more Trabants, tottering and crepitating along the broken-down roads. But, compared with the opulent West German Mercedeses and BMWs, they look like toys; while the oily smoke they emunct only adds to the country's appalling pollution problems. That sour, acrid smell of *Braunkohle* doesn't leave your nostrils until you recross the frontier.

When one takes all this in, plus the pale, strained faces of the Easterners, with their drab, cheap clothes, contrasted to their robust-looking Western kinsmen, one feels that they are not just in a different country, but in a time warp. I am reminded exactly of

how the West Germans looked when I first came to Bonn, 38 years ago. There is a gap of nearly two generations between these people.

In microcosm, Weimar embodies the best and the worst of All-Germany. The home of Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, where Bach played, Liszt composed, and Gropius designed, and where the ill-starred democracy had its birthplace, Weimar also claims the site of Buchenwald, marked by a grim monument that lowers from a hilltop all too nearby. (Somehow, I always imagined it tucked away in the woods—not on a prominent hilltop. How could they not have known?)

As all hotels in the GDR are jam-packed (and anyway I reckoned it would be much more instructive), we stay *privat*, with a family I shall call "Werther"—just in case of the million-to-one chance that the dreaded *Stasi* return some day. The Werthers live in a crumbling, once-elegant house of the late nineteenth century. Both are secondary-school teachers; which means they must have at least paid lip-service to the Communist security apparatus, in order to hold their jobs. But in March, like most of their friends and neighbors, they voted for Helmut Kohl's man, Lothar de Maizière. Primarily, it was the mighty Deutsche Mark that wooed them; yet, as the conversation goes on, one realizes that as for Solzhenitsyn's dog, it is freedom that counts—and at almost any price.

To the Werthers, even though it embraces only a small portion of their savings, Kohl's offer of one-to-one conversion was magical; before the Wall fell, the Ostmark was changing hands at ten to one, or more. Each of the Werthers has been earning one thousand a month in "funny money," or perhaps a quarter of what their Western counterparts would earn in *real* money. So, to supplement their wages, they rent what seems like every bed and sofa in the house. At less than the equivalent of \$13.50 for two, our hosts were not exactly demanding.

The accommodations were also hardly *grand luxe*; our beds were the most austere cots; there was only a curtain to the shared shower, and a window hatch from the kitchen looked straight into my bed. One abruptly recognized what a priceless asset privacy is. The walls of our room, which must have been the grand *salon* in

Mr. Horne's second, and final, volume of the official life of Harold Macmillan was published by Viking-Penguin in November. It was selected by the New York Times as one of the 13 "best books" of 1989.

happier times, were clad in pine slatting, much as one might do up a child's bedroom on the cheap.

The house had been a ruin, the Werthers said, and they had done the whole conversion themselves; they were justly proud of their achievements. They filled us in, relentlessly, on all the horrors of the past four and a half decades. There were no such things as private builders; so, to repair the crumbling exterior, they had had to apply to the appropriate authority. Ten years' wait, they were told. Then, after several years, a big piece of the cornice fell off; they reported it. "Why didn't you apply for repairs earlier?"

"We did."

"But there's no record." Back to the end of the line. The exterior remains unsound.

The simplest washing machine cost \$2,000—after a long wait. A dreaded two-stroke "Trabbie" cost the equivalent of a year's pay, and involved a ten years' wait. Yet food and rents, pegged from way back, were extremely cheap. The Werthers expected them to remain so. "It won't be like Poland, we shall be better off," they insisted. This wasn't what I had heard from hard-eyed bankers and economists on the other side of the frontier.

THE WERTHERS spoke bitterly of the inefficiency, bureaucratic over-manning, and corruption of the past. "For 45 years we've been lied to; now somebody must be punished." The principal at their school was a Party member and an incompetent functionary. "He'll have to be re-educated, and become a teacher again; he won't like it!" Will he be sacked? No. Unemployment? Might the Werthers lose their jobs? It hardly seemed to enter their heads.

We asked about the Werthers' children. They had twin sons, aged 26, and both officers in the *Volksarmee*. At first, the parents were understandably reticent; to become officers each would have to have been a Party member. But, over the second evening, details about their lives came out. They had been trained to hate the West German "enemy"; when a West German aunt had come to stay, one of the sons had been ordered "not to speak to the class enemy" if he went on leave. Reported by spies, he was subsequently disciplined for staying under the same roof. (Another East German woman—who,

aged 64, looked 75—told us how her four-year-old grandson had come home from kindergarten full of pride: "I won a medal today; I shot down two enemies"—i.e., West Germans.)

What about the Werther twins' future? Oh, said their father, "of course they will be integrated into the *Bundeswehr*—just as the officers of the former *Wehrmacht* were, after Hitler." Here was another misapprehension of what might be an offer from Bonn, Herr Kohl's men having made it pretty plain that, although defectors from the lower ranks might be acceptable, officers almost certainly would not be. I did not try to disabuse him.

Very hospitably, the Werthers invited us out to their *Datscha* for barbecued Thuringian *Wurst* one evening. The *Datscha* was an abandoned signal box, just beyond the outskirts of town. Each time a train went by the *Datscha* rocked. Like the shabby house in Weimar, they had restored it entirely with their own hard work. Again, their pride was truly touching.

As Herr Werther puffed up the barbecue with an ancient hair-dryer, we talked about the Russians. Comecon, what had it done for the GDR? He growled and gesticulated toward the railway: "There used to be two tracks. Then they took one away to Russia, as reparations. . . . That was what Comecon meant to us." A helicopter circled overhead: "It's from the Russian training unit . . . do you believe they'll ever go?"

Herr Werther's cheerful face darkened. Here in Weimar Soviet power suddenly seemed very close, and still very powerful. What about NATO, I asked? Our host became quite impassioned. Clearly the years of indoctrination, of portraying America as Satan, had not been without effect. "The Russians must go, the Americans must go," he insisted.

"But Herr Kohl, whom you support, wants them to stay."

"They must go," he repeated. "Look, twice from German territory we launched the most terrible wars; why not now launch peace from it?"

To get rid of the Russians, to acquire—at long last—genuine freedom was worth paying any price. Did many of their friends share this neutralism, I asked? Yes, many, they claimed. It was the only way out.

If it was indeed true that many East Germans who had voted for Kohl's man in March were, like the Werther family, prepared to accept neutralism as the price for freedom, then—it struck me—the tails of the new East German political parties could well end up wagging the Christian Democratic dog in Bonn, to produce a very different All-German policy from that currently envisioned by George Bush, Margaret Thatcher, and Helmut Kohl.

As we packed up the barbecue, our host seized my arm: "Listen to the nightingales, down on Goethe's Ilm . . . Can you smell the air; isn't it *fabelhaft*!" I could still just detect the bitter odor of *Braunkohle*; but Herr Werther was totally transported by the simple joys of what he had. I thought, once more, of Solzhenitsyn.

As one drives along country roads still fringed with shady lime trees, and wanders through ancient, sleepy towns largely spared by the war and spoiled only by neglect, one appreciates that here is one of the last few corners of the old, beautiful Germany still surviving. As Goethe wrote to his friend Eckermann, "There is still a lot of good, all gathered together in Weimar." One worries about what the urban developers of Frankfurt may do to it all—or whether the Russians will leave it that easily, unless the Werthers can persuade Bonn to accept their pleas for neutralism. □

The Last of the Old Corps?

JERE REAL

ON MAY 15, 1864, a small band of boys—cadets from the Virginia Military Institute—having marched north from their school barracks in Lexington, Va., joined Confederate forces under General

LEXINGTON, VA.

John C. Breckinridge facing Federal forces coming down the Shenandoah Valley. In the ensuing Battle of New

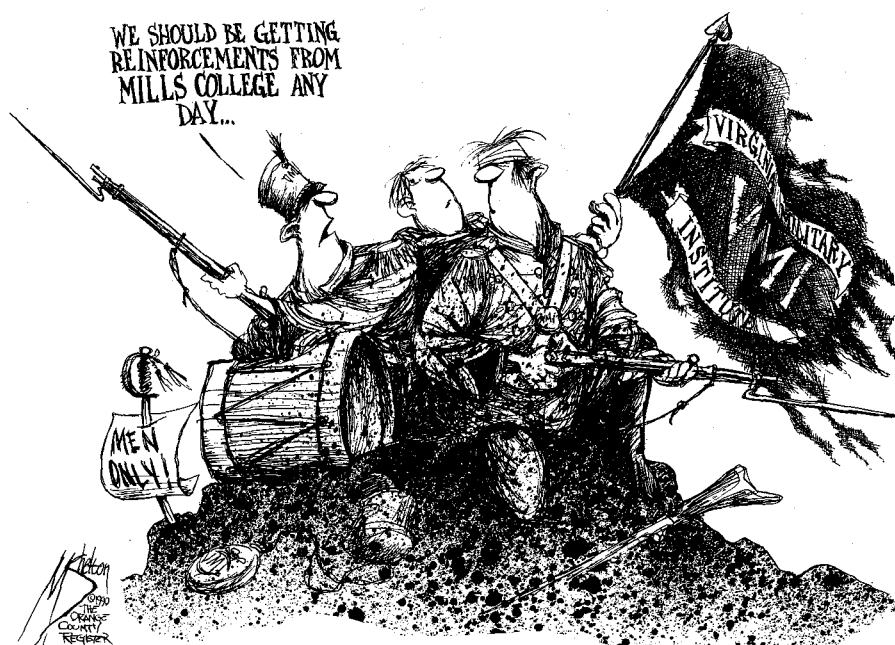
Mr. Real, a onetime editorial-page writer for the Richmond News Leader, is a 1956 graduate of VMI.

Market, ten cadets were killed and many wounded. Some weeks later, when Federal forces finally occupied Lexington, they burned the VMI barracks. Even a Union soldier of the time was saddened; on June 14, 1864, Sidney Marlin wrote to his wife: "This is a nice place. . . . There was a military school here but we have burnt all the buildings. It was a pity to do it but I suppose it could not be helped."

Today, yet again, VMI is under Federal assault, this time by the forces of the Bush Administration. The Justice Department, responding to the vengeful egalitarian agenda of the feminist movement, is demanding that VMI admit women to its ranks. For the small school (slightly over one thousand cadets) that has sought since its inception in 1839 to produce a special breed of "citizen-soldier," the encounter could be more devastating than the one of which Sidney Marlin wrote.

The present VMI-Federal confrontation began last year when an as-yet-unidentified female student wrote the Justice Department complaining that she could not attend the historic school on the hill because of its all-male tradition. President Bush's attorney general, Richard Thornburgh, entered the fray and began issuing threats. In January he sent letters to Virginia's newly elected governor, Douglas Wilder (since VMI is a state school), and to the VMI Board of Visitors ordering them to come up with a plan for admitting women or be sued by the Justice Department for violating the Fourteenth Amendment.

Governor Wilder, aware of the highly emotional attachment VMI alumni have to their school, took the high ground: he would let the VMI Board decide whether to yield or to stand and fight. Interestingly, Virginia's female attorney general, Mary Sue Terry, said she would defend VMI's position if the school chose to fight, as indeed it did. Instead of yielding to the Thornburgh ultimatum, Miss Terry, the VMI Board, and the VMI Foundation (the school's private fundraising arm) initiated two lawsuits of their own on February 5. The suit brought by Miss Terry and the Board argued that VMI was a necessary and distinctive part of the state's diverse system of higher education and that "women are not denied equal opportunity by VMI's admission policy," for there is a coed military corps



of cadets at nearby Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

The VMI Foundation suit took a slightly different approach, stating that "the forced admission of women will eliminate the option of a unique undergraduate experience for men, while providing no increased educational opportunities for women."

VMI has developed a system of training, the so-called "Rat" system, that produces a remarkable male-bonding experience achieved by a common ordeal of rigorous training. VMI's Rats (the term applied to all first-year cadets in the corps) not only undergo serious physical demands; the system extends to every aspect of barracks life. Rats room together, share common shower facilities, live in curtainless rooms always open to an inspector's eyes. Women at VMI would by necessity be treated differently in these respects, and some physical requirements would have to be altered, as they have been at America's national service academies and, incidentally, at those in Great Britain and France.

In addition to the bonding that occurs within each Rat class, there is also a bond developed between the Rats and the First Classmen (seniors) of each year. Each Rat serves as a "dyke" to a First Classman, helping that upper classman get "dyked out" for parade and performing other menial tasks. The First Classman, in turn, gives the younger cadet advice and an example. Doubtless, female ca-

dets would have to be exempted from this system (and some of them might object to the terminology itself). Yet, it is an integral part of the VMI experience.

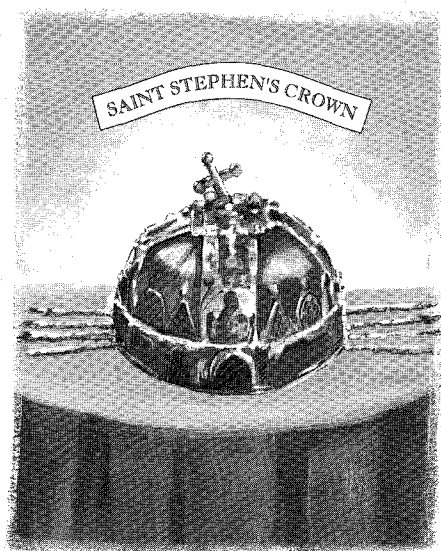
Virginia's leading political figures have tried to avoid being entangled in the VMI-Federal confrontation. Virginia's present senators are, after all, more creatures of Beltway Washington than true Virginia products. There is Democrat Charles Robb, whose eyes are on a future presidential bid—thus he is anxious not to rile women voters in his party. Then there is Republican John Warner, who told VMI alumni that the national-service academies had dealt with coeducation and they could too, which demonstrated an insensitivity to state tradition comparable to his waffling a year earlier on whether the Manassas battlefield ought to be developed as a shopping mall.

Then too, there is the larger issue of whether all public-supported institutions of higher learning must adhere to a rigid, conformist pattern. Indeed, even private colleges may have to join the march to homogenization, since, in an era where the majority of students receive federal aid, there may be no truly "private" schools left.

This is the interstate-highway, fast-food approach to American colleges. It offers higher education for a mall-oriented culture. But VMI alumni are not alone in wondering whether a nation that emasculates its traditions may not become, ultimately, a nation without a cultural identity. □

Return to Hungary

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



Jennifer Lawson

BUDAPEST

AS A YOUNG MAN I succumbed to the spell of Hungary (as so many foreigners did), learned its language, studied and got my degree in Budapest. My early anti-Communist novel *The Gates of Hell* appeared in a highly successful Magyar translation, and so the country was closed to me when it came under Red rule. But now I could go back with my wife, as I did a few weeks ago, and I was relieved to find Hungary still the country I had loved—definitely the same country, though badly scarred.

Only a very few people remembered me or my early books, but I immediately made new acquaintances and even friends. It was shattering to hear them talking among themselves, exchanging notes about their experiences under Communism. They told of jails and torture, of "internal exile," of hard labor in mines or factories. Strikingly, each one mentioned some kind jailer, policeman, or overseer he had come across. Also I heard that the peasants (who tend in any country to dislike "city slickers") were usually compassionate toward the exiles, who frequently arrived with only a suitcase or two and had to become agricultural laborers.

By comparison to our compatriots in Austria, the Hungarians struck us as

extremely courteous; in subways and on trolley cars passengers offered us "ancients" their seats as soon as we boarded. Everybody tries to help everybody else—a habit Hungarians acquired in banding together against the great enemy: the state, the Party.

Now, miraculously, the great menace is gone. Unlike in the German Democratic Republic, there had been, in the last year or two of Communist rule, much evidence that the Hungarian leadership had ceased to believe in its own ideology. (It was the Hungarian regime's allowing East Germans to leave Hungary for the West that signaled the crumbling of the Soviet bloc.) Because of this, there was a peaceful transition in Hungary, with no desire for revenge, no wish to seek out political criminals and stage big trials. People want to let bygones be bygones. Yet a formidable task remains: all the symbols of those forty years of servitude must be expunged, and the symbols of Hungary's thousand-year history must be lovingly brought back to life.

IT MUST BE acknowledged that even during the period of Communist rule efforts to protect Hungary's historic heritage were officially tolerated. There was no demolition of rural castles, as in the Teutonic north, nor the sort of barbarities that took place in Ceausescu's Rumania. In fact, a high point of my lecture tour was a small city in the northeastern part of the country—Sarospatak, near the borders with Slovakia and the USSR. Sarospatak has no more than 14,000 inhabitants, but what historic and intellectual wealth it offers! Among other wonderful buildings, there is an ancient fortified castle (now being restored); a palace formerly belonging to a princely family, now a first-rate museum with a magnificent Calvinist library of rare books; and the remnants of the chapel in which St. Elizabeth was baptized. (She belonged to Hungary's royal dynasty and thus was related to St. Margaret of Scotland, a granddaughter of St. Stephen.) The Turks had never taken and devastated Sarospatak, but on our way back we came through Eger, in whose center a

minaret still testifies to Moslem domination.

The Hungarians were saved from a great deal of damage by their fidelity to their traditions. Youngsters were more inclined to believe what their parents told them than what they heard in school; the parents trusted Radio Free Europe or the BBC rather than the state-controlled media. The only remaining problem is with the children who were too young to be taken into their parents' confidence, and who therefore had no reason to doubt what they were taught in school about the wonderful legacy of Marx, Lenin, and Bela Kun. But the children are rapidly recovering.

More grave is the question of economic and political recovery. "Goulash Communism" was, like the "prosperous" Seventies in Poland, a self-defeating gift of Western finance. (Is the West now preparing to finance the bankrupt USSR in the hope of keeping "Gorby" in power?) That period gave Poland the impression that socialism works after all, but the awakening was terrible [see also "Which Way to Europe?" by Bronislaw Geremek, p. 28]. In Hungary, the immediate future looks grim. The number of unemployed could rise to a million, in this nation of 11 million people. The maximum social-security benefits amount to the equivalent of \$60 a month, and though prices are generally still very low, the poverty of retired people is heart-rending. The West can help, but only if it pursues an intelligent course of joint ventures and well-chosen big investments.

At present the economic problem overshadows the political one, which was seemingly solved by the elections. The center and right-of-center parties together form a huge majority, supporting a coalition government. But the oncoming economic crisis will deepen ideological differences among parties. (I can even imagine people eventually remembering the days under Kadar and Pozsgay with nostalgia, as an ex-criminal begging at a streetcorner remembers the days when he was fed and housed in jail.) East-Central Europe has no organic parliamentary history, and there is a saying that in tyrannies one must howl with the wolves, while in democracies one must bleat with the sheep. The Hungarians are emphatically not sheep. □

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is NR's Munich correspondent.

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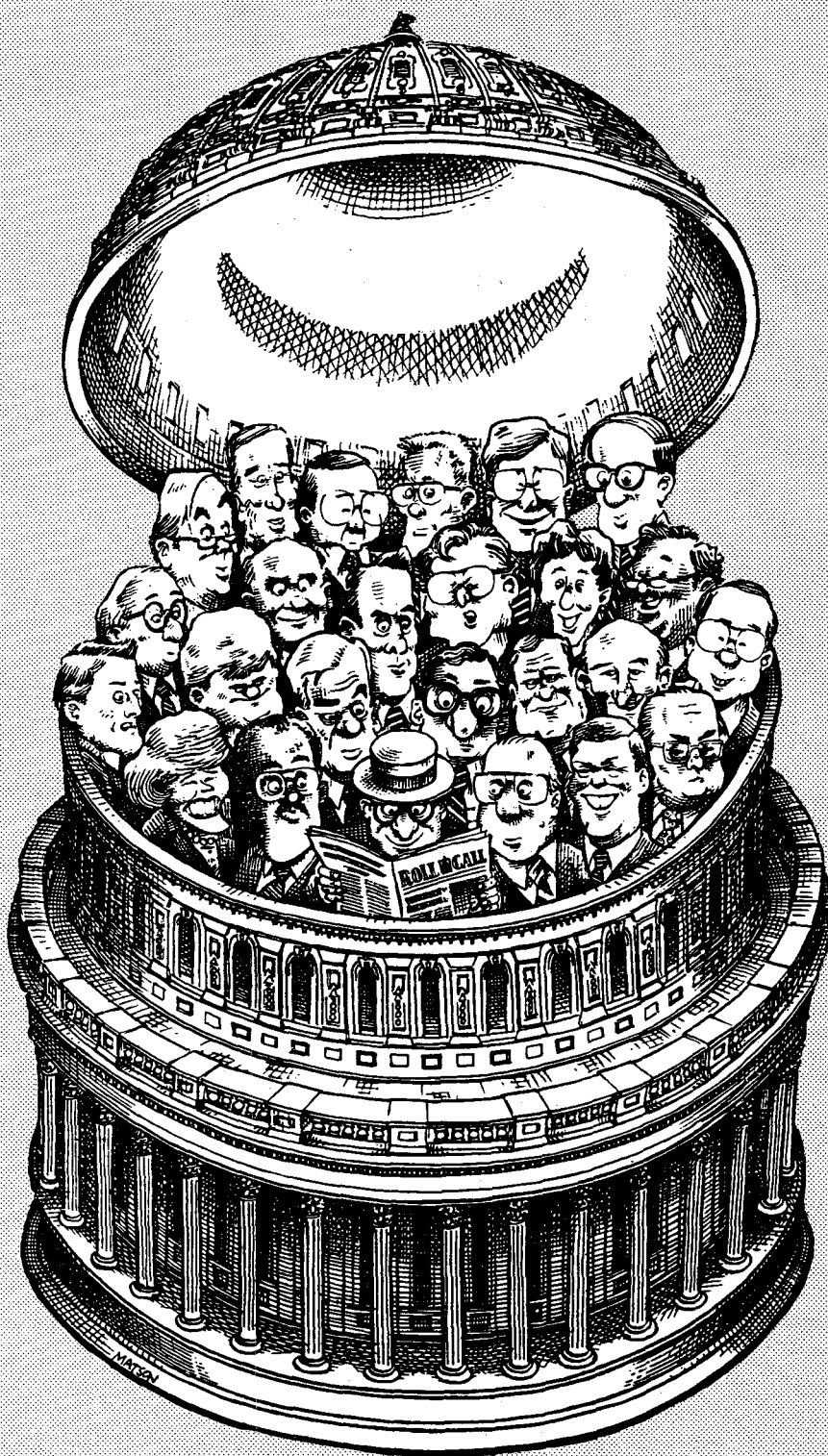
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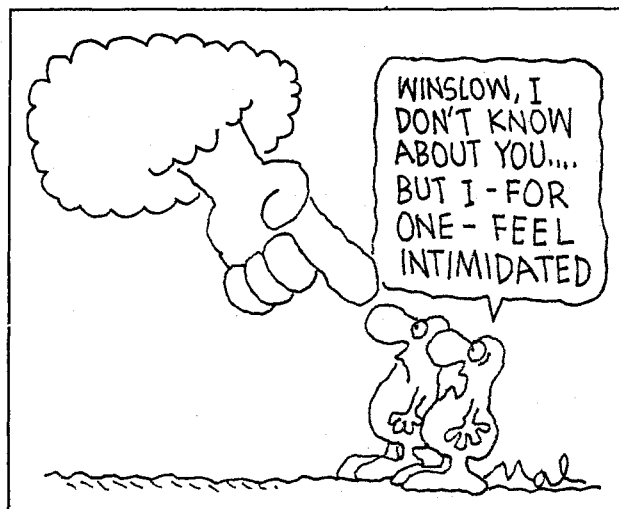
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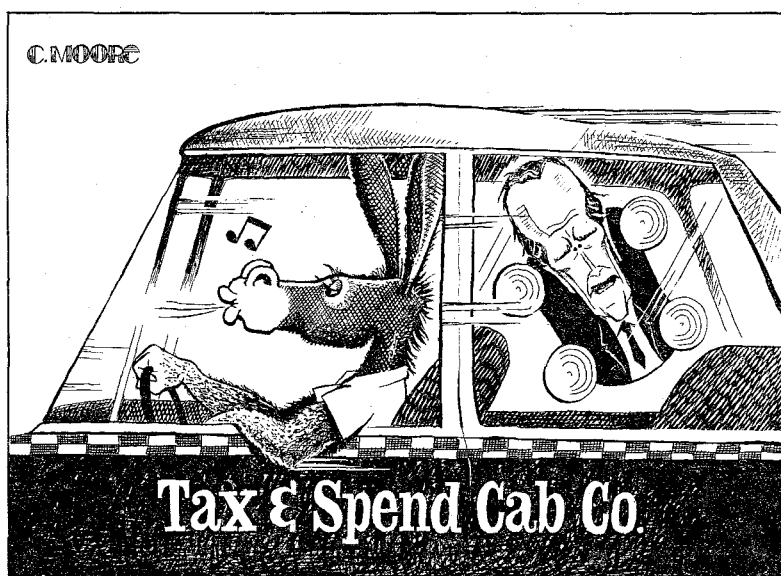
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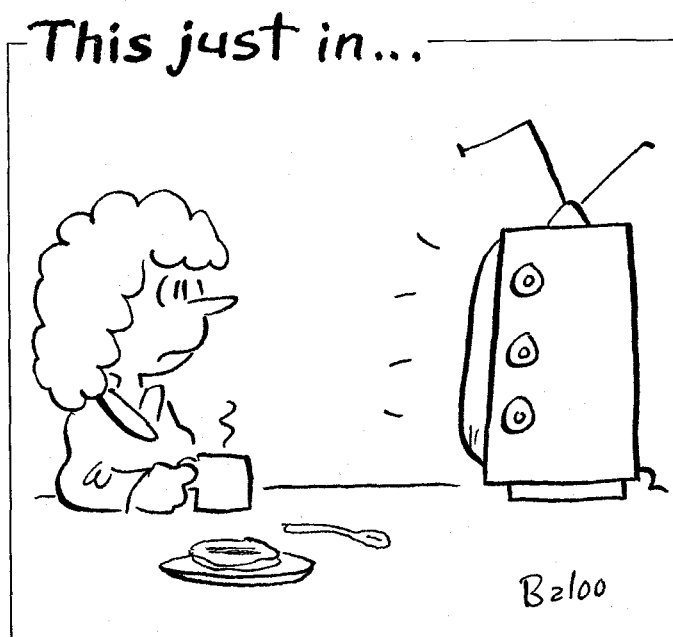
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Let the Drama Unfold

Like continental drift, whose routes
Defy the dictates of Canutes,
The Soviet republics start
To float perceptibly apart,
While Messrs. Mitterrand and Kohl
Grant billions to preserve the whole
As Mother Nature makes her move,
Unmindful that they disapprove.

W. H. VON DREELE



"In a surprise move today, Nicaragua and El Salvador traded places."



WHICH WAY TO EUROPE?



A new European order is evolving, as the East breaks free from the shackles of Yalta, and the West moves toward integration. A Polish leader asks how the two halves of that new order can be combined, and what America's role might be.

BRONISLAW GEREMEK

MORE AND MORE people are starting to believe that the Yalta era in Europe has come to an end. There are those who believe it ended when the Mazowiecki government took over in Poland; for some, the end was marked by the election of Vaclav Havel in Czechoslovakia; for still others it came with the free elections in East Germany. However, even though the political situation in Eastern and Central Europe has radically changed, the legacy of the Yalta order lives on. It will take many years and much effort finally to erase it, since its continuing presence is a result not just of the current political arrangements but also of almost half a century of a divided Europe.

When, some 15 years ago, the opposition movement was born in Poland, we were conscious that the fight for freedom, justice, democracy, and the rule of law would be not so much against the Polish Communists and their state apparatus—we could have dealt with them easily enough—as against the entire Yalta system which had surrendered Poland to the rule of Communist Russia. What this meant in practice we had learned from the Hungarian and Czech experiences of 1956 and 1968 respectively. These two events showed that Russia would not hesitate to launch a military intervention if she felt her imperial interests were threatened. These events also showed that the West's reaction to Russian violations of human rights and the principles of international conduct would be confined to the passing of diplomatic notes and the imposition of temporary economic sanctions.

Realism dictated that we move cautiously, step by step, testing the limits of Russian tolerance. At the same time our hopes grew as we watched the Helsinki Accords destroy Yalta's main political foundation: the

separation of East and West. The universal—even if only verbal—acceptance of the so-called “third basket” gave the West a moral and political right to take an interest in what was going on in the East. This forced Moscow to make some effort to keep up the appearance of respecting human rights, which in turn stimulated political activity.

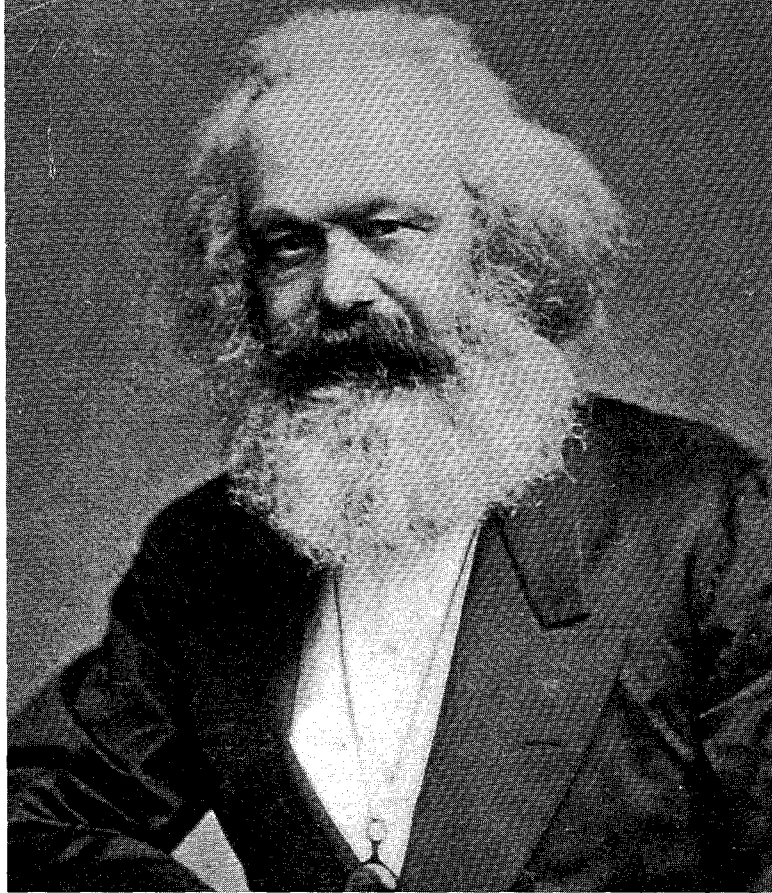
But there is no doubt in my mind that the factors which made the dissolution of the Yalta order irreversible were the evident economic failure of collectivism and the deep attachment of the captive peoples—strengthened by ideals emanating from the West—to freedom, justice, and democracy.

When, in the last days of the 1970s, after the dramatic strikes in Gdansk, Szczecin, and Elblag, Edward Gierek came to power, his administration decided to move Poland into the market system of the Free World—preserving, however, the prerogatives of socialism. The next ten years were a time of learning through painful experience that left the country burdened with a huge foreign debt and one of the most dramatic disappointments in our history. It became apparent that it was, after all, impossible to build within the bounds of socialism an effective economy that could benefit from international cooperation.

Time on Their Side

THE COLLAPSE of the Communist economic system, growing more acute with every passing year, forced Moscow to seek closer cooperation with the West, while the far-sighted policy of Ronald Reagan's America tied the issue of East-West relations to that of human rights. We strongly felt, even when martial law was imposed in December of 1981, that time was on our side. Year by year, the decay of Communism was becoming more manifest. It seemed that

*Mr. Geremek is parliamentary head of Solidarity.
This article was translated by Piotr Paszkowski.*



WE'RE HELPING EASTERN EUROPE TRADE MARX FOR DOLLARS.

The Bush administration recently established an Eastern European Growth Fund to encourage private investment in Central and Eastern Europe. The fund is to be administered through the U.S. government's Overseas Private Investment Corporation, and Salomon Brothers has been named both its investment advisor and manager.

We're pleased to play a part in the President's initiative.

While we make markets every day, it isn't often we get the privilege of helping develop a free one.

Salomon Brothers

the convergence compelled by economic necessity would inevitably bring down the political barriers, allowing Poland—and other Eastern European countries—to reunite with Western Europe.

However, the plans then being proposed for further integration of Western Europe ran counter to these changes taking place in the East. The wall that Yalta had built not only divided the continent into two political and military blocs, but also shattered the natural unity of Europe stemming from common Christian roots. The integration of the West could have permanently institutionalized this division. I have no doubt that all that the proponents of the 1992 project intended was to strengthen the Free World. But from our point of view, 1992 entailed the risk of making the barrier between East and West a permanent feature.

Cut Off at the Elbe

FROM THE very beginning we realized that by not being a party to the process of integration, we Poles, and also the Czechs, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Rumanians, could, in the natural course of events, drift even further away from those centers of European civilization with which we had centuries-long associations. Looking toward 1992 from the perspective of the Eastern European realities of the 1980s, Poland would become as remote from the West as Zimbabwe. We would see, on the other side of the Elbe, the creation of a strongly integrated world of affluence, modernity, and advanced technology, free of trade barriers and interested in cooperation with its own equals—Japan and America. The effect on the East would naturally have been an even deeper stagnation and the solidification of the archaic structures of socialism—the very structures we wanted to break free of.

In the future, it may be very interesting to examine the extent to which the specter of 1992 shaped the attitudes and policy formulations of Eastern European leaders. By a lucky chance the West's announcement of its integration plans came during a period of profound changes in the East. Thanks to the crisis—not only of the economy but of internal politics as well—for the first time the integration of the West could not be countered by one in the East.

Quite unexpected new issues confronted both the East and the West when in 1989 the whole Yalta order began to waver. The recovery of national identity by the Eastern European nations, one after another, confronted the whole continent with the question of the future form of European identity.

But in the second half of 1989 and the early months of 1990, Europeans had to learn yet another difficult lesson in political realism. It became evident that after half a century of separation, the rebuilding of European unity would be a very difficult, protracted, and costly task, because the division had become not so much political as civilizational in character. The border along the Elbe divides two worlds at different stages of development, with different economic systems (not only and

not even foremost in the sense of different ownership systems), different social structures, different living styles. Technological standards are different, as are auditing and banking systems, not to mention the organization of labor, communications infrastructure, or living standards.

The fact that it is not political differences but civilizational ones that separate the East from the West means that pan-European unity will be effected not as the immediate result of political decisions but as the outcome of a lengthy process. On the other hand, common sense tells us that sustaining the present divisions until the civilizational barriers have disappeared may mean perpetuating them *ad infinitum*. The process of integrating the whole of Europe should *not* be deferred.

The East–West dichotomy, which mirrored the underlying rivalry between two systems and two superpowers, must be replaced by a new polycentric pattern constituting an all-European security system. The building of a new Europe, especially in view of the impending German reunification and the diminishing superpower presence, seems to be a matter of some urgency, not one that can wait for the civilizational gap to disappear. Moreover, since the road to economic integration cannot be traveled too fast, we should use this time to set up institutions to foster political rapprochement.

Questions First

IN THE POLITICAL sphere, the West and the budding democracies of the East have enough interests and needs in common to guarantee the success of such ventures. But before integration actually begins—and it should commence simultaneously with the process of German reunification—several fundamental questions will have to be answered.

First: what institutional expression should this process have? I believe that there are two major roads toward European confederation. One is the expansion of the European Parliament, a process which has de facto already begun with the granting of observer status to the newly freed nations. The second is the institutionalization of the Helsinki process and the creation, within its framework, of parliamentary representation, the expansion of the role of the Council of Europe, and the establishment of a Council of European Cooperation.

Secondly: who should participate in this process? I believe that entry into the European process should be determined by only two criteria: being in Europe, and having a democratic political system. Today, this would mean the exclusion of Albania, which never took part in the Helsinki process. The participation of the United States, Canada, and the Soviet Union remains an open question. What form the participation of the American countries should take would have to be considered, but I do not think that the cause of European security would be well served by the withdrawal of an American presence from Europe. As concerns the Soviet Union, its participation would be greatly desirable, but only if the Soviet society is able to build a truly democratic state.

Thirdly: what should be the end result of this process? The first objective, of course, is the building of European unity in those spheres in which it can be achieved by exercising political will—namely, in the fields of security, culture, the flow of information, people, and ideas. There can be very little doubt that with some good will it might be possible, in a relatively short time, to abolish visa requirements, introduce regulations enhancing international security, pass legislation protecting the rights of ethnic minorities, and work out a common environmental-protection strategy. Lastly, we could attempt to build the rudiments of the future pan-European parliament, which could serve as a testing ground for the functioning of that unparalleled political formation that the united Europe is to become.

A Europe of Homelands

THIS MIGHT be the fastest way of building a Europe of Homelands, which would constitute a realistic and optimal compromise between a continental leviathan-state—doomed, I believe, to share the fate of the ethnic timebomb that was nineteenth-century Austria-Hungary—and a Europe of warring nationalisms, as existed on the eve of World War II. A Europe of Homelands respecting the cultural and political identities of the several nations, as well as the rights of minorities, might be a formula that both East and West could accept.

One of the advantages of following this route is that we can set forth without waiting for that distant moment when the economic situation has been made sufficiently uniform in all parts of Europe to allow for the abolition of frontiers and the free flow of capital, goods, and labor. The economic unity of Europe should be built cautiously and gradually, so as not to upset the balance in the labor market in the rich countries, for instance, and so as to avoid an actual colonization of the poorer southern and eastern regions by the affluent nations. Everything that upsets the natural equilibrium, every situation that induces a sense of insecurity, could rapidly undermine the whole process, precipitating a revival of nationalism and national tensions.

While the building of a political structure for a Europe of Homelands must, of course, be a continental process in scope, the subsequent economic integration should initially be limited to the regional level. The European political process should obviously promote and support such initiatives, but under no circumstances should it force or impose them.

Local transnational communities will undoubtedly emerge spontaneously, providing that the logic of the whole process is conducive to it. Already, we can talk about the formation of at least two of them.

The first, organized along the Danube axis, would encompass Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Italy—countries that represent three already-existing economic organizations: the European Economic Community (EEC) and the European Free Trade Association (EFTA) in the West, and Comecon in the East. The

boldness of a conception which takes into account natural economic ties rather than the countries' current formal political status illustrates the range of possibilities created when the new European process was set in motion by the force of circumstances.

The idea for the second of these communities is based on a even bolder conjecture, one which presupposes that the European process will bring freedom not only to the so-called satellite countries, but also to those which have been forcibly annexed by the Soviet Union. There is the prospect of a unique and very promising network between Scandinavia and the Baltic states—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

The geographical space between the two communities is occupied by Poland, which stretches from the Baltic Sea in the north down to the Carpathian mountains in the south. With its population of forty million people and its large territory, Poland constitutes a natural bridge between northern and southern Europe, and in that sense can become a logical link between the two emerging constellations.

Poland could undoubtedly play a similar role in relations between the Western countries and the western "republics" of the Soviet Union, principally Ukraine and



Byelorussia. It seems of secondary importance whether they will win independence or decide to remain within the state that will emerge in place of the USSR.

As regards Russia herself, it is difficult to make any predictions, even in the short-term perspective of 1992. After all, it is even possible that she will turn away from Europe to seek more congenial partners in South and Central Asia or the Far East. Likewise, it is hard to forecast developments in the Balkan states (especially Rumania and Yugoslavia), which still, it seems, have a long way to go.

I therefore do not think that the process of European integration can be construed in terms of a simple merging of the three currently existing categories of countries. The New Europe will not be a sum total of the EEC, EFTA, and Comecon. Its formation on the economic side will entail establishing a network of local connections that would gradually eradicate barriers, abolish frontiers, and form transnational economic

structures that will ultimately merge into one integrated European economy.

This process has taken the West four decades, and it would be naïve to think that the rest of the continent can catch up in just one. It would be just as naïve to think that the East will be able to cope with the task it faces without help from an already-integrated West.

Only within that process, however, does 1992 cease to be the final endorsement of Yalta and become instead an element of true European integration, all the more important in that it will incorporate a united Germany

into the European structure—a Germany that could otherwise become, in the likely absence of superpowers, the major threat to continental stability.

There will be no true stability in Europe, however, so long as there is a wall between East and West. It used to be the Berlin Wall. There is a danger now of a European policy that would move the wall to the Oder-Neisse line. This strategy must be rejected. Only then will we in the East, and you in the West, be able to say that, at long last, we have laid the ghost of Yalta that casts a shadow over our lives and your consciences. □

THE COLLAPSE OF THE WORLD'S BEST POLITICAL JOKES

DURING THE DAYS when there was limited freedom of conversation but no freedom of public utterance in Eastern Europe, the peoples of those countries wrapped up their true political views in jokes. Now that they can speak out freely an important part of their folklore is withering away. We should not, however, forget the jokes of those who suffered under socialism. They are a testimony to the strength of the human spirit and a witness to the evils of Communist rule.

A man was reading a motoring magazine in a café in Prague. Another man sat next to him and noticed that on the page he was reading there was a picture of a Rolls Royce and another of a Soviet Lada automobile.

"Which of those do you think is the better?" he asked the reader.

"Oh, the Lada every time."

"You can't know much about cars."

"I know all about cars," replied the reader. "But I know nothing about you."

Three men in a Soviet labor camp were discussing why they were there.

"I got to work ten minutes late," said the first, "so I was accused of sabotage."

"I got to work ten minutes early," said the second, "so I was accused of being a foreign spy."

"I got to work exactly on time," said the third, "so I was accused of buying a Swiss watch on the black market."

The repression and unfreedom described in the jokes is not seen as a

chance result of the quirks of Stalin and Stalinism. Lenin is now joining his successor in the trash can or the scrap yard.

An ex-inmate of the Gulag died and went to heaven. A few weeks after his arrival, he went on a bus tour around the different circles of hell. In the section reserved for the very worst people in history he found Hitler standing in a stinking lake of boiling mud up to his nose. Next to him was Stalin in the same lake up to his waist.

The ex-prisoner was understandably angry and asked the devil taking them around, "How come Hitler is in it up to his nose but Stalin is only in it up to his waist?"

"Ah," replied the devil, "but you see, Stalin is standing on Lenin's shoulders."

A visiting lecturer was telling the students at a school what a kind man Lenin had been. "One day," he said, "Lenin was shaving with an old-fashioned razor out in the open air in his garden when a little boy came past and asked him what he was doing."

"Can't you see, little boy?" said Lenin. "I'm shaving myself." Now doesn't that show what a kind man Lenin was?"

One of the students was puzzled. "I can't understand why that story shows that Lenin was a kind man," he said.

"Don't be so obtuse," said the lecturer. "Lenin had a razor in his hand and could have cut the little boy's throat. But he didn't, so that shows what a kind man he was."

In the jokes there is an utter contempt for state ownership and central planning:

At the May Day parade in Moscow there was the usual long parade of missiles, tanks, armored cars, personnel carriers, and the like, and then right at

the end an open truck with three middle-aged men in baggy suits.

One of the senior Communists on the podium turned to the minister of defense and asked, "Who on earth are they?"

"Ah," said the minister, "they are economists from the central-planning bureau. You've no idea how much destructive capacity they possess."

A Soviet planner was boasting to a visiting businessman of the achievements of the Soviet economy. "By the year 2000," he bragged, "half the people of Moscow will have their own private airplanes."

"But," queried the visitor, "why should anyone need one?"

"It's simple," retorted the planner. "Supposing your neighbor tells you that potatoes are on sale in Leningrad. You'll be able to get there before anyone else does."

For Eastern Europeans there was one other theme that will soon be nothing more than a bad memory—the ruthless exploitation of the satellite countries by the Soviet Union:

Under the new Soviet-Hungarian treaty on the navigation of the Danube, the Russians are allowed to navigate the river lengthwise and the Hungarians crosswise.

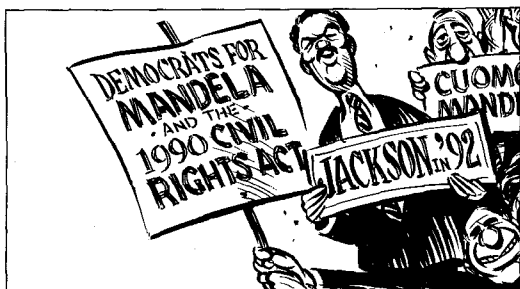
Intourist poster: VISIT THE SOVIET UNION BEFORE THE SOVIET UNION VISITS YOU.

Despite the astounding changes in Eastern Europe the Soviet Union is still unfree. Nonetheless, the struggle for independence has begun. So long as this struggle continues there will be little need to hide politics in jokes. On the contrary, if you see the Russians laughing it could be a sign of disaster.

—CHRISTIE DAVIES

Mr. Davies's most recent book, Ethnic Jokes around the World: A Comparative Analysis, was published this year by Indiana University Press.

BETTING ON BUSH



For once, Republicans have a chance to uphold principle and advance their interests at the same time: wooing black voters back to the party of Abraham Lincoln by *defeating* a civil-rights bill.

CLINT BOLICK

A MONTH or so ago, during a conversation about the Kennedy-Hawkins civil-rights bill, I made two bets with Arch Parsons of the *Baltimore Sun*. First, that President Bush will veto the bill if it is approved without significant changes. Second, that he will win 18 per cent of the black vote in 1992 if he does.

Washington pundits would assure Arch that he'll soon pocket a crisp dollar bill from the first bet, and a second one too if his memory hangs in for two years. Moreover, most pundits would insist that my first bet is inconsistent with my second. If Bush vetoes this civil-rights bill—or any civil-rights bill—he's doomed among black voters.

The reason I'm bucking conventional wisdom is that I sense that something important is happening beneath the surface in the debate over the civil-rights bill. That leads me to believe that if Bush plays his cards right, he will in fact double the black vote he received in 1988—a development that would make him invincible in 1992. And—again contrary to popular wisdom—playing his cards right *requires* him to veto the bill if Congress passes anything resembling the original version.

At a Rose Garden ceremony on May 17, Bush laid down three conditions for acceptance of a civil-rights bill: it can't require or encourage racial quotas, it can't be absurdly complex, and it can't reverse the due-process principle that a person is innocent until proven guilty. These are refreshing,

common-sense principles that most Americans can easily support.

By definition, the bill's sponsors cannot satisfy those principles. The heart of the bill—provisions overturning six Supreme Court decisions of last year, especially the *Wards Cove* decision—violates all three. The motive behind it is to induce employers to adopt quotas "voluntarily" by rigging the rules against them in statistics-based employment-discrimination cases. Under *Wards Cove*, plaintiffs may use statistics to prove discrimination, but they bear the burden of proof every step of the way. Under Kennedy-Hawkins, statistics by *themselves* would establish a presumption of discrimination, with employers bearing the burden of proving their innocence. Facing that threat, employers would almost always seek the safe harbor of informal quotas. No middle ground exists: to modify or overturn *Wards Cove* is to create an irresistible impulse for quotas. Of course, anyone who has read the newspapers lately has every right to be skeptical about Bush's resolve.

Scooping the Democrats

JUST AFTER the Supreme Court issued its *Wards Cove* ruling, the White House called me to ask for ideas for a "Civil Rights Act of 1989." Amazingly, the Bush Administration wanted to scoop the Democrats. Hooray! I thought; our time has come at last, after eight years of the Reagan

Administration's benign neglect of opportunities to fashion a genuine civil-rights strategy based on individual rather than group rights.

I urged the White House to shift the terms of the debate. I suggested that the President immediately appoint a highly credible commission on economic mobility, headed by someone like Tom Kean (who received over half the black vote when he won re-election as governor of New Jersey in 1985). In terms of strengthening civil-rights laws, he could add compensatory and punitive damages for victims of egregious discrimination (as an alternative to quotas, which help not known victims but a whole class of presumed victims). Finally, and most importantly, he could urge legislative action on educational choice, economic opportunity, and anti-crime measures aimed at helping minorities.

As it turned out, Bush had plenty of time to devise such a strategy if he had wanted to, since it took Ted Kennedy and Ralph Neas, a top lobbyist for the civil-rights establishment, over half a year to come up with a bill to overturn the six Court rulings. But Bush did nothing, announcing that no action was necessary with respect to the recent Court decisions.

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Meanwhile, several House Republicans got themselves into trouble by signing on to a bill by freshman Representative Tom Campbell, a bright and ambitious California Republican who wanted to establish his civil-rights credentials. He convinced several conservatives to join him, but when they realized they had been co-sponsoring a quota bill, they abandoned Campbell and demanded the White House provide an alternative.

The Administration obliged, but the product did not quite meet the standards of a viable alternative. The Administration bill proposed to overturn two of the six decisions targeted by Kennedy-Hawkins, while keeping *Wards Cove* intact. But the way the Administration sliced it, the law would make monetary damages available to victims of racial harassment but not sexual harassment. No one—liberals, conservatives, or the business community—liked that alternative. The point man for the bill, Don Ayer, couldn't defend it, a factor that may have contributed to his recent departure from the Justice Department.

But the other side was having its

with constituency groups ranging from minorities to feminists to labor unions, all focusing on different objectives which Neas had to put into a single, saleable package. Once introduced, the bill failed to generate much enthusiasm. Until the inexplicable decision by Senator Jack Danforth (R., Mo.) on May 17 to join the bill, sponsors included only liberals and the usual maverick Republicans. Southern Democrats were lying low, perhaps haunted by the quota specter, which could bleed away white votes. By mid June, the bill had fewer than fifty Senate sponsors, a very low number for a civil-rights bill.

Re-Enter the President

E NTER the President again. On May 14, he announced through his spokesman, Marlin Fitzwater, that he wanted to sign a civil-rights bill, and that his differences with Kennedy-Hawkins were minor. He scheduled three days of meetings with civil-rights leaders, along with a sprinkling of dissenters. The *Washington Post* reported that he was ready to

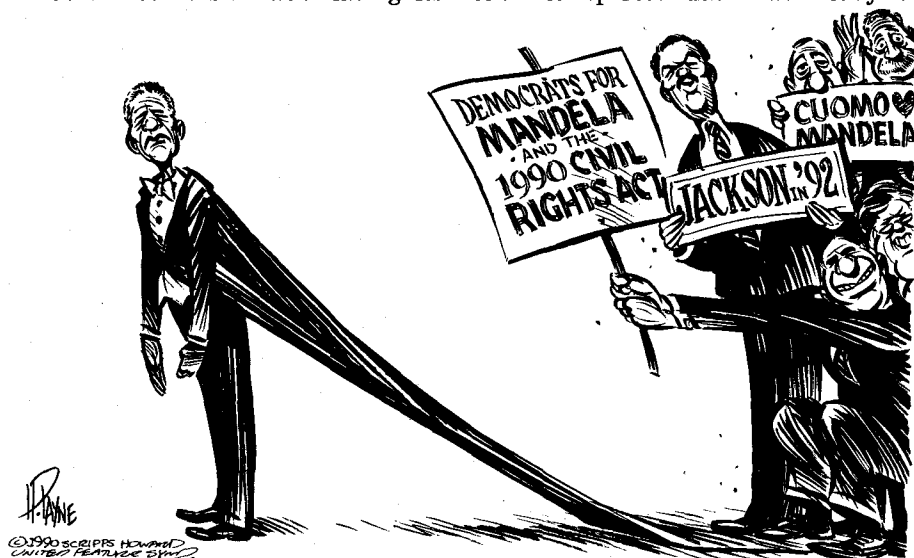
other pirouette and sign the bill. His Rose Garden reversal, apparently the result of a last-minute blitz by Attorney General Richard Thornburgh and other top advisors, may prove little more than a negotiating ploy. He clearly still wants to sign a bill and subsequently has negotiated with Kennedy, leading most commentators to suggest he'll sign the bill with merely cosmetic alterations. But I don't think so.

If George Bush caves in on quotas, he will risk losing support among white voters and creating additional constituencies for the likes of David Duke. So Bush needs to appear firm. But if he vetoes the bill, won't he write off any chance of increasing his share of the black vote? Here's where the pundits have it wrong.

Ben Hooks and his allies have declared the civil-rights bill a "litmus test" for Bush, and threaten he'll get no black votes if he vetoes it. Ronald Reagan capitulated to such threats on several occasions (such as housing and voting rights), and he still didn't end up with many black votes. Richard Nixon tried a different approach—out-liberaling the liberals on minority set-asides and the like—and he didn't get many black votes either. Maybe President Bush has learned something from this.

The answer may lie in the second half of his Rose Garden speech—the half the media didn't report. Bush called for a new vision on civil rights based on individual "empowerment," consisting of efforts to help poor people help themselves. He spoke specifically about education vouchers, tenant management and ownership of public housing, and day care.

It was just a sketch, but it could turn into a real strategy, and one that could finally break the sixty-year Democratic lock on the black vote. If this seems a bold prediction, consider the objective: we're not talking about competing for a *majority* of black votes, at least not initially, but rather for a mere doubling of the 9 per cent of the black vote that Bush received in 1988. That's only about one out of every ten blacks who didn't vote for him the first time. Assuming Bush can hold onto most of his white voter base (and a quota-bill veto would help), this modest increase in black support is all he'd need virtually to ensure his reelection by a wide margin; if Republi-



COATTAILS

problems too. After the Court's decisions came down last June 16, the NAACP's Ben Hooks threatened widespread civil disobedience and announced a mass march on Washington. When the troops failed to heed the call, Hooks was forced to reclassify the mass rally as a more modest "silent vigil," which registered barely a blip on the evening news.

It also took considerable effort by Neas and his allies to satisfy the diverse strands of the civil-rights lobby,

sign the bill, sending conservatives and the business community into despair.

Both sides were invited to the Rose Garden ceremony on Thursday of that week; but when the rhetorical smoke had cleared, it was the bill's supporters who were devastated. Instead of endorsing the bill, Bush reiterated his opposition to quotas and implied that he would veto the bill if his core principles were not satisfied.

Of course, the President could do an-

cans generally could duplicate the feat, it could lead to control of the Senate.

A Nod to Hooks

THIS WOULD represent a major shift in approach. Bush would continue to give occasional nods to Ben Hooks, avoiding the remoteness, hostility even, of the Reagan era. But Bush—or at least his advisors—seems to realize that Hooks needs him more than vice versa. The civil-rights establishment responds to every problem with a new bill, and if it can't get one passed, it has nothing to offer its constituents.

Likewise, if Bush merely meets Hooks's present demands, he's got nothing over the Democrats, who will always be able to offer more in the way of government regulations and handouts. Hence, Bush should take his case directly to black voters, offering them policies that will really make a difference to their lives.

As with many political shifts, this one started with the academics. Scholars such as Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and Charles Murray all condemned the welfare state and race-conscious affirmative action as doing nothing to help blacks make economic advances. Their indictment of race-conscious measures was echoed by converts—James Coleman, Nathan Glazer, Morris Abram, Glenn Loury—and later by others, including William Julius Wilson and Harvard law professor Randall Kennedy, who remain unabashedly liberal.

In particular, Wilson's *The Truly Disadvantaged* (1987) demonstrated that race preferences helped mainly those who didn't need the help, while leaving unaddressed problems of economic mobility and development of human capital. Wilson's book made it acceptable for thoughtful liberals to question race-conscious strategies as a solution to problems of minorities.

Kennedy-Hawkins has run head on into this burgeoning skepticism. Commentators across the political spectrum are recognizing the bill as a turning point, presenting a clear choice between continuing down the road of quotas or embarking on a new direction for civil rights. William Raspberry, Charles Krauthammer, Edwin Yoder, Stuart Taylor of *Legal Times*, the *Christian Science Moni-*

tor, and *The New Republic*, all of them sympathetic to civil-rights aims, have each editorialized against the bill or its underlying logic. Likewise, the moderate Democratic Leadership Council, meeting this spring in New Orleans, explicitly endorsed the goal of equal opportunity as opposed to equality of outcomes, thus rejecting the premise that lies at the heart of Kennedy-Hawkins.

Meanwhile, this skepticism is manifesting itself at the grassroots. The NAACP's membership rolls are hemorrhaging—it lost a hundred thousand over the past ten years. Were it not for ever-increasing corporate contributions, the venerable organization would have to close up shop.

Self-help groups, on the other hand, are flourishing. Though typically non-ideological, they are passionately committed to individual autonomy and are therefore potentially ripe for Republican courtship. Exemplified by Robert Woodson's National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, these groups reject welfare and quotas in favor of individual and community initiative. A new civil-rights bill means absolutely nothing to these people, but such initiatives as enterprise zones, tenant management, and education vouchers can mean a great deal.

My own organization, the Landmark Center for Civil Rights, is a legal arm of the empowerment movement, challenging regulatory barriers to entrepreneurial opportunities and defending empowerment efforts where they are attacked by entrenched interests. After two years in this business, I am struck by the potential for at least modest political realignment.

Bertha Gilkey, a tenant-management activist in St. Louis, used to be a Black Panther. Now she sees liberals as her principal adversaries and Republicans as allies. In Wisconsin, black state Representative Polly Williams recently pushed through the nation's first-ever education-voucher program, which (if it survives legal challenge) will provide one thousand poor Milwaukee children the chance to attend high-quality nonsectarian private schools. Mrs. Williams, Jesse Jackson's Wisconsin campaign coordinator, joined forces with conservative Republican Governor Tommy Thompson to overcome efforts by white liberals to defeat the voucher proposal. She leaves little doubt

whom she'll support in the upcoming gubernatorial campaign.

Some in the Bush Administration (such as Housing and Urban Development Secretary Jack Kemp, Equal Employment Opportunity Commission Chairman Evan Kemp, and EEOC Vice Chairman Rosalie Silberman) and their supporters in Congress (Representatives Steve Bartlett and Newt Gingrich) have taken note of the political potential of empowerment. My bets with Arch Parsons are based on the premise that Bush has noticed it too.

Though any civil-rights bill has important symbolic value among blacks and therefore carries significant veto risks, this bill, because of its complexity, simply won't set the grassroots on fire. If Bush ends up going toe to toe with Ben Hooks in the inner city, for once it will be the Republicans who offer the tangibles (vouchers, tenant management, etc.) while the civil-rights establishment argues about abstractions (burdens of proof, statistical inferences, and so on).

Thus far, many civil-rights groups are ambivalent about empowerment initiatives. The head of the Milwaukee NAACP chapter, for instance, has joined the teachers' unions in taking Polly Williams's education-choice program to court—a lawsuit my group is actively resisting on behalf of black parents and their children. This leaves the road clear for Bush to emerge as the "empowerment" President.

No-Lose Issue

REPUBLICANS in recent years have run away from this issue, which is odd since it is a no-lose issue. For once, Republican principles and interests are coinciding, and that offers the prospect for a considerable change in the political landscape.

My own objective is to promote a new agenda; my principal venue is the courtroom, not the legislature. The political ramifications are secondary to me. But if George Bush decides to carry the empowerment banner, it might just advance the cause by twenty years or so—and quite possibly bring America closer to making good on its commitment of opportunity for all Americans.

That's fine with me—and besides, I'll be two bucks richer. □

KEVIN PHILLIPS: LEFT OUT

MARK CUNNINGHAM

KEVIN PHILLIPS seems to think himself a sort of iconoclast, a clear-headed analyst spreading the truth amid the fog of confusion put forth by political Left and Right. Certainly that has been the underlying theme of his work, from *The Emerging Republican Majority* in 1969 to this year's *The Politics of Rich and Poor*.

The earlier book is an extremely well-researched analysis of voting blocs and trends nationwide, forecasting realignment, coining the term "Sun Belt," and adapting Milovan Djilas's "New Class" to the American context. The current book argues that the Reagan era was primarily a time of redistribution of wealth—upward redistribution—and suggests the Democratic Party could achieve political domination by pushing hard for downward redistribution.

Phillips calls himself a populist, but I doubt he'd agree with, say, Jack Kemp on much. Kemp understands populism as an appeal to the virtues of the American people in opposition to the vices of our governors. Phillips sees populism as an appeal to lower-middle-class frustration—and himself as one of the few people able to interpret that frustration.

Since 1969 Kevin Phillips has promoted himself from interpreter to prophet. Unfortunately, he's not a very good prophet. Take the 1988 presidential campaign. In mid August, with Dukakis leading Bush by 17 percentage points, Phillips told the *Christian Science Monitor*: "The tide has begun to recede and we're seeing a transition to something else. . . . There's no reason for blue-collar workers to be interested in George Bush. The basis of the conservative coalition

laid down in '72 does not apply in '88." You'd think an analyst of populism would have foreseen something like Willie Horton and the Pledge. (Phillips's later claim, that Bush's cultural conservatism was "camouflage," hardly matters. What political analyst worth his salt expects politicians to tell the truth?)

Switching Brands

BUT EVEN THOUGH all the social problems of 1972 were still very much around in 1988, Phillips had discovered a different brand of populism—leftist economic populism. Instead of quotas, big government, rising taxes, and weakening defense, he explained, the issues the voters cared about had become health insurance, the affordability of a college education, drugs, and the Japanese economic threat. Late in the campaign, he suggested Dukakis could pull out a victory with protectionist appeals ("a 'pledge of allegiance' to American rather than foreign economic interests") and by drawing "on the mood of scores of espionage novels and movies to raise grim questions about making a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency the President." That's Phillips's new populism: conspiracy theories.

Similarly, he thought George Bush's confrontation with Dan Rather would "put a bigger spotlight on the Iran-Contra controversy"—"not a plus" for Bush. You'd think the author of *Mediocracy* (1975) would have understood popular resentment against network anchors.

More recent predictions haven't been worth much either, from his December 1988/January 1989 suggestion that 1989 might be the year Washington finally faced the Debt Problem (trade and budget deficits, LBOs, the

evils of consumer credit), through an August 1989 prediction (pointed out by Walter Olson in *Fortune*) of a worldwide turn to the Left—just three months before the Wall started crumbling—to his June 1990 suggestion that Bush could erase his lips without electoral fallout.

What leads Phillips astray is a combination of conventional Beltway wisdom and his own private bugaboos. When his prediction of a coming "populist revolt" in *The Emerging Republican Majority* scored big, he apparently decided he had the magic formula. He's been predicting "populist uprisings" ever since.

In particular, he kept predicting a populist uprising *against* President Reagan, although the Gipper's coalition was almost exactly that of *The Emerging Republican Majority*. His 1982 book, *Post-Conservative America*, complained about people who celebrated Calvin Coolidge's birthday and formulated "a theology of capitalism." He devoted over two hundred pages to the awful things that would happen when Reaganomics failed—a populist uprising, of course, and a nasty one. His analogy was Weimar Germany.

The book contained such perceptions as that the American political system was breaking up, and that John Anderson had to be taken seriously. (A piece he wrote for the *Washington Post* in January 1983 saw four parties running in 1984: Democratic, Republican, John Anderson's, and *Jesse Helms's*.) Seven years after the fall of Saigon, he was still writing that popular resentment over Vietnam could reach the potency of McCarthyism or the post-Civil War "bloody shirt." And drawing on Bob Haldeman's memoirs and various New Left chronicles, Phillips suggested that an American Hitler could convince folks that the CIA set Nixon up for Watergate because he was challenging the Powers That Be.

He's really quite loyal to Nixon, perhaps because, unlike Reagan, RN wasn't contaminated by free-market economics. (Nixon returns the favor with a friendly jacket blurb for *The Politics of Rich and Poor*; Mario Cuomo chimes in with a blurb of his own.) Phillips calls his brand of analysis "vaguely neo-Marxist," sees nothing wrong with wage and price controls, etc., etc. So convinced was he that Reaganomics would fail that in 1985, two years into the Reagan Re-

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covery, he published *Staying on Top: The Business Case for a National Industrial Strategy*. Seriously. He admires Felix Rohatyn; his 1988 candidate was Bob Dole (who, according to an August 1987 column, was benefiting from post-Iran-Contra popular disillusion with Reagan-Bush).

When Phillips isn't being cranky, his ideas are vintage Beltway. He's obsessed with superficial analyses of the World Economy, America's Lagging Position in It, and the Debt Crisis. He shows no sign of even noticing the arguments that traditional barometers such as the trade deficit are now obsolete, that foreigners *aren't* snapping up the United States (as Irwin M. Stelzer points out in the July *Commentary*, we're 7 per cent foreign-owned; for most developed nations, the figure is 10 per cent or more), or that the deficit has declined drastically as a percentage of GNP, the only sensible way to measure it when discussing its effect on the economy.

The Politics of Rich and Poor [reviewed on page 44] is his high-water mark of conventional wisdom. He recycles numbers generated by the likes of Robert Kuttner to show that the Reagan tax cuts and the 1986 tax reform redistributed money from poor to rich. But to prove his point, he makes his comparisons between the years 1977 and 1988, thus including the Carter years along with the Reagan ones in his family-income table. The table below, while not exactly parallel, gives an idea of how much difference the choice of years can make.

Phillips admits that, post Reagan, the rich pay a higher share of total income tax collected, but argues that that doesn't matter because it doesn't *burden* them—as explicit an example of the politics of envy as ever you'll see. “Claims that the tax cuts helped promote prosperity under Coolidge

and Reagan were plausible, although more plausibly these cuts *overlapped* rather than caused the two capitalist heydays.” Not only does Phillips never support that little leap of logic, he never finds *any* cause for the Reagan boom. And he ignores major points such as Reagan's battle against inflation-driven bracket creep, the great nemesis of the middle class.

He ignores economic mobility, implicitly assuming, contrary to fact, that the same people are in the same wealth bracket from year to year. He ignores the ample evidence that confiscatory taxation doesn't help the poor, it just makes the rich hide their money so as to create an illusion of greater equality and a reality of static wealth distribution. Nor, having declared Reaganomics “the fiscal equivalent of Vietnam” in the early Eighties, does he come close to using the words “I was wrong.”

If Phillips were principally a voice for the social and cultural policies of the New Right, with which he often affiliates himself, his economic eccen-

tricities would be just that: eccentricities. But whatever his private views, he never pushes the anti-crime, -drug, -abortion, -family-decline agenda except to suggest the need for higher government revenues. And he has plenty of opportunity. He is quoted almost as often as Norman Ornstein, usually with the identification “even conservative analysts such as Kevin Phillips . . .” He was one of the three or four most frequent television analysts during the 1988 campaign. His books are routinely excerpted in *The New York Times Magazine*, usually coinciding with a Style-section puff piece in the *Washington Post*.

A dozen years ago, Chilton Williamson attacked Phillips in these pages for “Country and Western Marxism,” taking Phillips's populist claims at face value. In fact, Phillips, a preppy Harvard Law grad with a Jaguar and a modern “partnership” marriage (according to the latest Style piece), isn't a populist. He's a talented eccentric who makes a good living confirming the prejudices of the New Class. □

THE VISION THING

ADRIFT IN THE CHINA SEA

WILLIAM MCGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Bush is getting it from all sides now. A few days after he lobbed the tax grenade into the hands of his supporters here, he set off to London to patch up the differences among America's allies in NATO. During the following press conference, however, a reporter threw in a little bomb of his own by bringing up the case of Fang Lizhi, the Chinese astrophysicist who had arrived in Britain a week earlier after almost a year in America's Peking embassy. What did the President think, the reporter asked, of Fang's comments to NBC criticizing Washington for its

“double standard” on human rights in China? Fang also suggested that Bush owed him a dinner, a reference to the one he had missed in April 1989 when the Chinese authorities prevented him from going.

“I thought he wanted to stay out of the public eye,” said the President, obviously taken aback. “I thought he himself said so, so you've got a little different information than that . . .”

Small in itself, the incident nonetheless revealed a great deal about Bush's continuing trouble with “the vision thing.” Instead of instantly pointing out that Fang was a free man because of American intercession and that free men have the right to say what they please, the President gave the impression that Fang ought to have kept

MEAN CASH FAMILY INCOME (Percentage Change)

	'79-'87	'82-'87
Lowest quintile	-6.1	+4.1
Second quintile	-2.2	+4.9
Middle quintile	+0.9	+6.9
Fourth quintile	+4.0	+9.5
Fifth quintile	+11.1	+11.1
Average	+5.6	+9.2

Source: House Republican Study Committee

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington bureau chief.



quiet. True, he did say he was “heartened” by the release, but not until after he had implied that Fang had somehow violated an understanding. Instead of getting the credit he deserved for Fang’s liberty, the President once again looked as if his main concern was not to say anything that might offend Deng Xiaoping.

In contrast to Ronald Reagan, George Bush prides himself on being both a “pragmatist” and, in the case of China, a specialist in his own right, having served as the first chief of the U.S. mission to Peking in 1974–75. Bush thus sees “the vision thing” as an encumbrance, added baggage that reduces his ability to maneuver. In fact, it’s precisely his lack of a philosophical compass that calls into question his every move. One year after Party elders sent in tanks against unarmed student demonstrators, the American people still do not know which side their President is on.

Now, obviously the President was as outraged over the bloodshed at Tiananmen Square as any other American, probably more so than the Democrats in Congress who for the previous ten years had been telling everyone what a liberal Deng was. In addition, the recent decision to allow Dan Quayle to meet with escaped student leader Chai Ling and the relatively cool attitude toward loans for China at the just-ended economic summit in Houston suggest that the White House is taking a tougher line these days. But in public the President still comes

across as Deng’s loyal tennis partner, with the consequence that even when he’s right—renewing China’s Most Favored Nation status to keep Western influence alive—all he does is split his own party, allow the Democrats to look tough for once, and demoralize those elements within China that look to America for inspiration.

“In China, the man on the street is saying to himself, ‘Deng Xiaoping must be very powerful because the President is sending people to China and not the other way around,’” says the soft-spoken Chai Ling, whose own escape attests to the grave risks Chinese were willing to take by sheltering her. Here in town to take her case to Congress, Miss Chai says that she does not want America to “give up all your power and influence in China” by revoking MFN; she just wants some conditions attached.

That’s a modest enough position, and it has long been argued by Reagan’s ambassador to the PRC, Winston Lord. Unfortunately, President Bush appears to have been seduced into thinking that his own personal relationship with Deng and other Chinese leaders could actually effect what he wanted. Thus the secret trips to Peking by National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft and Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, and the photograph of General Scowcroft clinking champagne glasses with Prime Minister Qian Qichen and saying that they needed to take “bold measures” against the “negative

forces” in China and the U.S. “who seek to redirect or frustrate our cooperation”—a blunder of incalculable proportions.

“This is a problem of the President’s own making,” says Arthur Waldron, professor of Chinese history at Princeton, “and it comes from the failure to realize there are limits to our possibilities in China. Once you send a Scowcroft or an Eagleburger over, you have to get a big prize in return.”

Instead, Bush handed his opponents a stick to beat him with. Indeed, the bill introduced by Senator George Mitchell (D., Me.) to revoke MFN status for China has just been referred to the Finance Committee; barring some new thuggishness from China it won’t pass, but it is worth noting that the bill is co-sponsored by Jesse Helms (R., N.C.). Even those Republicans who upheld the President’s veto of the Pelosi bill to allow Chinese students to remain in the U.S. are unhappy, given Bush’s reluctance to live up to his promise to provide the same protection for the students with an executive order. The general distrust is compounded by indignation that the PRC consulates apparently feel free to intimidate pro-reform students on U.S. soil.

Sending the Right Signals

IT’S HARD to imagine Ronald Reagan in this fix, and not only because no Reagan national security advisor would have been photographed toasting a Communist Party chief just months after a massacre of peaceful demonstrators. Reagan would have instinctively had some Chinese students over to the Rose Garden as a signal to the world that this was where America stood. And that in turn would have given him a freer hand in policy, because no one would be misinterpreting his moves. Indeed, it’s significant that although the Bush Administration’s one symbolic moment of principle—the Vice President’s meeting with Miss Chai—provoked a harsh reaction from Peking, it wasn’t long afterward that the Chinese finally agreed to allow Fang and his wife to leave the U.S. embassy.

One China expert summed it up with an anecdote revolving around his Chinese-born wife. They had been watching a Reagan speech on Lithuania, wherein the former President started out with a somewhat confusing

chronicle of that country's sufferings, alluding to the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of 1939 and winding the whole thing up by saying that anything Hitler and Stalin agreed on had to be bad.

Watching all this, the woman turned to her husband and said, "You know, he may not get all his details right, but he really knows how to explain things to people." □

JAWS XII

WEICKER RETURNS

DON PESCI

IN 1986 Roger Eddy, a gentleman farmer, novelist, and former state senator, was preparing to be the Republican challenger to U.S. Senator Christopher J. Dodd (D., Conn.). Accordingly, Eddy traveled to Washington to pay court to Connecticut's other senator, Lowell P. Weicker Jr.

Weicker was amiable, cordial, expansive, and encouraging. Eddy, surprised by the performance, quickly decided to capture it for posterity. Planting himself on a nearby stair, Eddy jotted down a sketch of Weicker's free-flowing monologue. Some time later Eddy used those notes to reconstruct the scene in a newspaper essay, capturing perfectly the genius and the folly of the man many Connecticut Republicans love to loathe.

"Let me tell you this," Weicker began. "I have already informed the press that I plan to act as your statewide chairman. And now I am telling you that I plan to campaign up and down and across the entire state on your behalf. I am going to go all out for you, and I hope you know what that means. Because when Lowell Weicker goes all out for somebody, he goes all out.

"And let me tell you something else. You are going to win.

"I know what some of these so-called experts have been telling you around Washington—how you don't have a chance and all that baloney. Because I'm telling you that you *are* going to win.

"And why are you going to win? Because I'm going to campaign for you—that's why.

"But you've got to run a perfect campaign. And I know about perfect campaigns. I know more about running perfect campaigns than anyone in

Connecticut. Hell, I know more about running perfect campaigns than anyone in America. I have run three perfect campaigns. I've never been connected with a campaign that hasn't been perfect.

"Let me tell you something. Just let me tell you something that a lot of people don't seem to realize. You hear all this stuff about Lowell Weicker shooting from the hip. Right? Well, I *never* shoot from the hip. Everything I do is planned down to the last detail. Every word I say is planned and timed to perfection. Every gesture I make is planned. I have never shot from the hip in my life. . . .

"And let me say this once more. You have Lowell Weicker's total and complete support. I am behind you, my friend, 100 per cent."

A few weeks after this unconditional statement Weicker was asked by reporters for the *New London Day* to assess Eddy's chances. Weicker responded that anyone who supposed Eddy capable of defeating Dodd "ought to have his head examined."

Weicker's words were planned, and his gesture was deliberate. He was not shooting from the hip. And Dodd defeated Eddy by a 2 to 1 margin.

Scrambling to the Top

ABIG FISH in Connecticut's small Republican pond, Weicker discovered early that the most effective way to maintain the appearance of bulk was to swallow the guppies.

Starting from his plush home base of Greenwich, Weicker set out to confront the world. He served Greenwich as first selectman from 1962 to 1968, and by all accounts was a capable ad-

ministrator. Meanwhile, he represented the town in the state House of Representatives.

In 1968 he sought election to Congress as a conservative from Connecticut's 4th District. The Democratic incumbent, Don Irwin, had annoyed conservatives by supporting President Lyndon Johnson's Great Society and had alienated liberals by supporting Johnson's prosecution of the Vietnam War.

Running as a "law and order" candidate, Weicker pummeled Irwin from the right, calling him "the permissive politician" and accusing him of opposing or failing to vote on legislation against draft-card burning and federal aid to student rioters.

As Election Day drew near, Weicker's strategists saw that an independent candidate, Morris Earl, running on an antiwar platform, was gaining support. To prevent a split vote that might have secured a plurality for Irwin, Weicker (who had previously avoided the issue of Vietnam) unleashed his "October surprise": he endorsed an immediate halt to U.S. bombing in Southeast Asia. Then, to smooth the feathers of his hawkish supporters, he invited California Governor Ronald Reagan to campaign for him, and won the election with 53 per cent of the vote.

In 1970 the Connecticut Republican Party tapped him to run for the U.S. Senate seat held by Thomas J. Dodd. Dodd was vulnerable, because of his continued support of our Vietnam involvement (now under President Nixon), and because he had been censured by the Senate in 1967 for misappropriating campaign money. The Democrats were divided, eventually nominating an antiwar candidate, the Reverend Joseph Duffey, who had led Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign in Connecticut in 1968; Dodd stayed in the race as an independent.

In a debate among the three candidates, Weicker, seizing on an ironic jest Duffey had made during the 1968 campaign, called the latter a "one-man bomb and orgy squad." Then he turned scornfully toward Dodd. His "record of anti-Communism," Weicker said, "is belied by his censure."

Mr. Pesci, of the Manchester (Connecticut) Journal Inquirer, has been described by Mr. Weicker as "my favorite conservative political columnist."

The Nixon Administration, which had clandestinely used money from a slush fund to support Weicker's campaign, chortled from afar as he was elected with 42 per cent of the vote.

This Senate campaign taught Weicker the value of mobility. A politician who traveled light, unencumbered by ideological ballast, could go far in an environment in which more substantial politicians like Dodd sank.

It was Watergate that made Lowell Weicker a national champion of political rectitude. At a hearing of the Senate Watergate committee on June 28, 1973, Weicker proclaimed: "Republicans do not cover up . . . do not threaten, do not commit illegal acts. And God knows, Republicans don't view their fellow Americans as enemies to be harassed, but rather, I can assure you, Republicans look upon every American as a human being to be loved and won."

When Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter for the Presidency in 1980, the loving senior senator from Connecticut hunkered down and prepared to battle the new conservative Republican Administration. "The worst thing that happened to us here in Connecticut," Weicker said in 1982, "was when we cast our votes for Ronald Reagan rather than Jimmy Carter."

Connecticut Republicans did not feel that way, and they began to suspect that their senior senator had become in effect a liberal Democrat. Indeed, in 1983 Weicker was one of only five Senate Republicans to vote for the repeal of income-tax indexing and the 10 per cent tax cut. In May of that year he joined six Republican mutineers to oppose funding and deployment of the MX missile. In 1985 he joined five other Republicans in voting against the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Deficit Reduction Act. And in July of that year he was one of two Republican senators to support a successful filibuster against the line-item veto.

There was more:

—When even leading Democrats like Ted Kennedy supported the air strike against Libya's Muammar Qaddafi, Weicker protested that the U.S.

action "was no different than what Qaddafi had done" in masterminding the terrorist executions of innocent Americans and Europeans.

—Shortly after 125,000 tired, wretched, and poor people had fled Cuba for Miami, Weicker praised Fidel Castro for having delivered "a quality of life to those people that they have never known before. By Caribbean and South American standards, it's Park Avenue." When the Reagan Administration later proposed to broad-



cast a little truth to Cuba, Weicker led a filibuster against Radio Martí and later delayed funding for the Voice of America, Radio Liberty, and Radio Free Europe.

—Weicker's ADA rating climbed sharply, from 30 per cent in 1971 to 90 per cent in the mid Eighties.

During all of this Weicker had discouraged rebellion at home by patiently explaining that for a Republican to succeed in the current political climate he had to tack to the left, since Connecticut's voters were mostly Democrats and unaffiliated. Indeed, when Prescott Bush Jr. (George's brother) challenged him in 1982, Weicker produced polls showing that while Bush could beat him in a Republican primary, Bush could not win a general election, whereas Weicker could. The Republican convention ac-

cepted his reasoning, Bush withdrew from the race, and the Democratic challenger, Representative Toby Moffett, found it impossible to pierce Weicker's armor-plated left side, the only side Moffett attacked. So Weicker went back to Washington, wondering why the folks back home couldn't understand that Republicans could not win statewide office in Connecticut running as principled Republicans.

The blowhard whom Roger Eddy visited in Washington in 1986 was the only Republican who had won statewide office in twenty years. And, having installed his former aide, Thomas d'Amore, as state Republican chairman, Weicker was now in a position to keep any other Connecticut Republican from reaching a position of eminence. But Weicker seemed to sense that the party was close to rebelling.

So at the Republican state convention that year, Weicker's people pressed for (and won) a change in party rules to allow unaffiliated voters to vote in Republican primaries for major nominations. The rule change seemed designed mainly to prevent the Republican Party from ever defining itself, other than as Lowell Weicker's party.

The winner of the Republican primary for governor that year was state Representative Julie Belaga of Westport, whom Weicker had supported enthusiastically for the nomination. Alas, just as the general-election campaign began, the senator was disabled by a pinched nerve. He recovered only enough to praise the Democratic incumbent, William A. O'Neill, for having done a good job. Seemingly with Weicker's approval, Governor O'Neill overwhelmed Representative Belaga.

But in 1988 Weicker found himself opposed by a Democrat who was a student of Connecticut politics: state Attorney General Joseph Lieberman. While this Democrat was as liberal as the others Weicker had vanquished, he was prepared to launch an enveloping attack—from the left, from the center, and, crucially, from Weicker's long-exposed right side.

Lieberman attacked Weicker for his
(Continues on page 52)



BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Sins and Omissions

PETER BRIMELOW

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS is perhaps the most notable contemporary specimen of what has been called the Bollinger Bolshevik. An English leftist now immigrated to Washington, D.C., he nevertheless has his work published in the most fashionable American glossies, and his new survey of the Anglo-American relationship sports a dust-jacket biography (invariably author-supplied) carefully pointing out that he was educated not merely at Oxford but at Balliol, perhaps the most patrician college there. As with Alexander Cockburn, this combination of socialism and snobbery—backed, it must be said, by talent and a Protestant work ethic both would affect to despise—has quickly established him at the top of American liberalism.

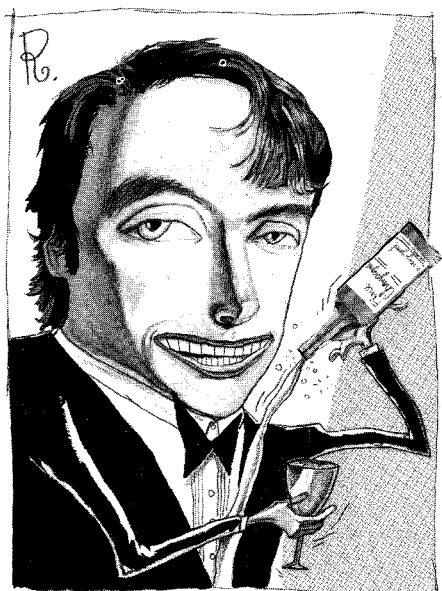
Much of the peculiar structure of this book appears to be the result of a determination to recycle freelance articles. One such recycling provides a poignant example of Hitchens's sociopolitical androgyny, his ambivalent relationship to establishments. He visits the USS *Iowa*, a World War II battleship recommissioned by the Reagan Administration and just returned from a tour of duty in the Middle East. He

***Blood, Class, and Nostalgia: Anglo-American Ironies*, by Christopher Hitchens (Farrar, Straus, 398 pp., \$19.95)**

ingratiates himself with the *Iowa*'s captain by revealing that he is himself the son of a Royal Navy officer and saw the last British battleship, HMS *Vanguard*, being towed to the breaker's yard. The captain knows the punchline: "She slipped her tugs and ran aground, didn't she? Like she was protesting." The other officers are summoned and trustingly share their carefully studied and much-loved British naval lore. Then Hitchens stands on the bridge to watch a demonstration broadside—"saying a silent valediction to those faraway Druse villages." And he writes a cheap sneering account whose substance amounts to little more than the assertions that the *Iowa* is a gunboat, that Joseph Conrad portrayed a gunboat firing into Africa in his celebrated story of

colonialism gone wrong, *Heart of Darkness*, and that therefore the whole enterprise is by implication, in Conrad's phrase, "incomprehensible."

As befits a Bollinger Bolshevik, Hitchens's progress through Anglo-



Joe Rocco

American history resembles that of a drunk down a corridor, lurching erratically from wall to wall. This does have the advantage of bringing some neglected corners into unusually sharp focus. For example, Hitchens emphasizes the vital role of James Burnham, one of *NR*'s original editors, in formulating the American post-World War II interventionist *Weltpoli-*

tik, supplementing, expanding upon, and sometimes replacing Britain's global presence. Hitchens points out striking similarities between Burnham and the Winston Churchill of the 1946 Fulton "Iron Curtain" speech, which was not merely a warning against the Soviets but also a call for Anglo-American cooperation. In fact, both men at different times proposed schemes of common citizenship and even formal political union between the two countries.

But Hitchens's hawing has a fatal disadvantage: he reels right past crucial historical episodes. Thus, this study of American and British foreign policy contains virtually no reference to the Soviet Union, China, the Korean War, or Israel. Britain's efforts to embroil the U.S. in both World Wars loom large—perhaps too large—but there is no discussion of why Britain itself became embroiled, or whether the American Government had its own reasons (such as Pearl Harbor) for going along. The British elite's abrupt decision to abandon the Empire after 1945, the subsequent geopolitical implosion of Britain, and the fact that during this period Britain arguably sometimes operated to the left of the U.S. in world politics is ignored. Despite American pleas, the British recognized Red China—and withdrew their forces from the Persian Gulf. Finally, there is no explanation of why Britain is now on the verge of political union not with the U.S. but with a concert of its traditional European enemies, or why the U.S. has blindly supported this implicitly anti-American endeavor.

For this and other reasons, Hitchens's book is essentially worthless as a guide to the Anglo-American relationship. It cannot even be said to have a thesis in any serious sense. Instead it has a sort of insinuation that Anglophilia, British influence, and even a desire to prop up British power were responsible for drawing the U.S. into a worldwide role.

Hitchens's omissions conveniently make this easier to argue. For instance, Korea was never a British interest and the British government was dubious about the conflict, but nevertheless sent troops at the U.S.'s behest. For that matter, it would be equally possible to argue that U.S. policy has paradoxically propped up Soviet power, materially during World

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor at *Forbes*.

War II and the détente era, and diplomatically through "containment," which tacitly conceded a Soviet sphere of interest.

Even Hitchens cannot ignore the fact that Washington was often actively hostile to Britain's imperial interests during and after World War II. But this is no problem for a student of the dialectic. Hitchens simply posits an American "anti-imperial imperialism" which was hostile to the British even while emulating them.

The value of Hitchens's work is rather as a buoy marking the submerged shoals of the left-wing psyche. It is, for example, profoundly if surreptitiously emotional. Smearing the *Iowa* as a gunboat is typical of its style of argument. Hitchens's opinions are generally conveyed adjectivally ("sports-check Republican"). And, of course, he is ultimately motivated by self-hatred. By the final chapter, it is clear that the dread disease of "imperialism," from which he hopes the U.S. and Britain are recovering in this new "world without conquerors," actually consists of any tangible presence on the world stage at all.

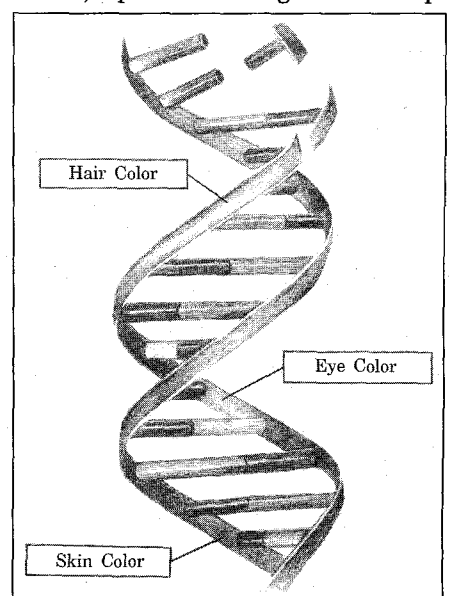
All of this comes together in Hitchens's hysterical reaction to any sup-

posed sign that the Anglo-American relationship has an ethnic underpinning, or that the U.S. itself has an ethnic identity that might be affected by immigration policy. Thus Hitchens insists on portraying the anti-bilingualism lobby "U.S. English" as a nativist anti-immigration conspiracy, although its directors are openly divided on the issue and the organization itself explicitly focuses on the single issue of language. The overwrought left-wing sensibility cannot be trusted to handle basic factual distinctions of this sort.

What is the truth about the Anglo-American relationship? Both countries are democracies, and their foreign policy is accordingly too chaotic to be expressed as one theme, least of all Hitchens's. The relationship between them is ultimately one between peoples rather than one between the elites that attract Hitchens—the Royal Navy buffs in the wardroom of the *Iowa* being a case in point. Because the peoples speak the same language, they are in some sense members each of the other, sharing common cultural values of liberty, economic liberalism, and respect for law rather than power. Which is why Hitchens's self-hatred effortlessly embraces both. □

of gene identification, that of the conquest of three thousand known genetic diseases, ranging from such well-known disorders as cystic fibrosis and muscular dystrophy to such obscure diseases as neurofibromatosis and xeroderma pigmentosum." This ability to reach in and pluck out the rotten apple in the individual's genetic barrel would find very few opponents.

However, "unmasking the identity of genes that render people *susceptible* [italics in original] to any of a host of chronic and crippling diseases is another matter." Such genes may be compared to a landmine that never goes off until stepped upon. For instance, a person with a genetic suscep-



Michael Newton

Touring the Helix

JACK KIRWAN

A LOT OF catchy labels have been put on the second half of the twentieth century: the atomic age, the computer age, the in-

Genome, by Jerry E. Bishop and Michael Waldholz (Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., \$21.95)

formation age, the space age. But it seems more and more likely that the winner will be a rather late starter—the gene age. As this thoughtful and extremely readable book shows, the genome project—which seeks to map and identify all of the fifty to a hundred thousand genes in the human body—may have controversial and far-reaching impact on the human condition.

The book's subtitle calls it "The

Story of the Most Astonishing Scientific Adventure of Our Time—The Attempt to Map All the Genes in the Human Body," and for once the superlative is not dust-jacket hype. As the authors—veteran science and medical reporters for the *Wall Street Journal*—point out, not only does the technology of molecular genetics have ramifications that could affect every aspect of society, but it is proceeding far faster than anyone imagined.

This book is not a neat and tidy after-the-fact analysis; it is a progress report from early in the first quarter of the game. Unlike the technique of gene transfer, which caused all manner of comment from pulpits, statehouses and editorial desks, the idea of gene discovery has received relatively little attention. As Bishop and Waldholz put it, "At most, pundits have limited themselves to hailing only the most immediate and obvious impact

tibility to cancer might never develop the disease unless he smokes, eats certain foods, etc.

Thus, from the moment of birth, people with "aberrant genes" could potentially avoid dangerous environments. But, say the authors, "the new technology has ramifications far beyond the prevention and alleviation of disease. Once a defective or aberrant gene has been identified, routine testing of individuals for the gene is relatively simple, involving only a few drops of blood." (Tests that took two weeks in 1987 now take two hours.) This of course opens up a whole bucket of civil-liberties, public-policy, and medical-ethics questions. In the not-too-distant future, will oil companies want to screen tanker captains for tendencies to alcoholism, will corporate boards watch out for CEOs who might get Alzheimer's, will police forces and the military keep a weather eye out for schizophrenics? Quite probably.

Mr. Kirwan is a professor of economics at the University of Arizona.

The book suggests that "almost certainly voters, or at least the press, will demand to know the genetic profiles of presidential candidates, while opposition senators may well inquire into the genetic predispositions of presidential nominees to the Cabinet and the Supreme Court."

But, considering how corrosive the current national debate over abortion is, prenatal testing will almost certainly be the most emotional issue involving genes: "Prenatal testing for severely crippling, life-shortening disorders that inflict an almost unbearable burden on a family is one thing. Prenatal testing for susceptibility genes whose effects may not be manifest for years is another matter. Within the foreseeable future, young couples will have the power to determine as early as the sixth week of pregnancy whether their future child will be subjected to the nightmare of schizophrenia or manic depression before age twenty or will be threatened with cancer or multiple sclerosis before age forty." From this, of course, it is only a short step to parents choosing kids who are bright, tall, or freckled. But genetic mapping will not create *Überkinder* by magic; all the prenatal selection in the world will not give parents with black-hair and brown-eye genes a blond, blue-eyed baby. Old Man Reality still bats last.

One of the most effective parts of *Genome* covers the thoughts of world-class molecular biologist Robert Weinberg, who predicted "his colleagues soon would be pinpointing the kinds of genes that control intelligence, behavior, and even musical, artistic, or athletic skills." "Right now," Weinberg told the authors, "our society runs on the premise that everyone has a biologically equal chance to be anything he or she wants. But what will happen when, in fact, the scientists find strong evidence that everyone's fate is greatly affected by the inheritance of a group of very specific and identifiable genes?" The porousness of credit ratings, for example, does not offer much hope that genetic-susceptibility secrets will be well kept. Will there be some kind of genetic-affirmative-action bureau in the year 2000?

Being topflight journalists, Bishop and Waldholz not only give a good history and very clear explanation of genes and gene mapping, they also salt the story with personal narratives

of people struggling with such heart-rending maladies as Huntington's disease. While these are fascinating and quite often emotionally gripping examinations of the all-too-human side of science (researchers with a family history of mind- or life-threatening diseases) the real drama in the genome story lies in the impact on our culture—and every other—of mapping out the internal frontier. Last year, the American Council on Life Insurance wrote, "As genetic testing is perfected, society will be forced to confront important issues that have never before been of such widespread concern. Profound ethical questions will be posed concerning the practice of medicine, procreation, employment, privacy, individual versus societal rights, confidentiality, 'the right to know,' and 'the right not to know.'" This last is an oft-overlooked but highly charged issue. As the book

shows, many people who might have genetic predispositions to diseases such as Huntington's or Alzheimer's really prefer *not* to know.

Genetic mapping, whether in the current hit-or-miss way or as a giant, Apollo-style Human Genome Project, is coming. If for some reason it is not done in the United States, another society will undoubtedly pick up the ball. "The technique of gene identification or 'mapping,'" conclude the authors, "cannot be stopped any more than the technology of the automobile, the machine gun, or the atomic bomb was stopped." While very few technologies have ever been really controlled (trying to control science is like trying to nail down a puff of smoke) the need for an informed public will be critical. And one could not ask for a better introduction than *Genome*. It doesn't give all the answers, but it does lay out the critical questions. □

Read China

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ

MODERN CHINA is a contradiction in terms. China is imprisoned by the great wall of its past, a past of absolute rulers and violent rebellions, artistic productivity and periodic famines, xenophobia and, paradoxically, the blind adoption of foreign ideas.

Jonathan Spence attempts to explain contemporary China by examin-

The Search for Modern China, by Jonathan D. Spence (Norton, 876 pp., \$29.95)

ing the structure of its imprisoning past. Spence knows China's history; he is the author of eight books on the subject, all of which are both scholarly and readable. *The Search for Modern China* is filled with fascinating information, written in a relaxed and natural style, and illustrated with important historical photographs and beautiful representations of Chinese art. The book has been highly praised, deservedly so.

Nonetheless, Spence's search has not been entirely successful. The prob-

Mr. Jochnowitz is a professor of linguistics at the College of Staten Island, CUNY.

lem is that he does not seek answers outside of China itself. While Spence is informative about the Jesuit missionaries, the European and American traders, and the Western ideas that influenced China, he fails to discuss China in the context of the Communist world. A major part of China's modern history, unfortunately, did *not* begin in China. China's political system is cruel to its citizens and hostile to free thought *because it is Communist*.

For instance, China has neighborhood committees to control the day-to-day lives of its citizens just as Cuba does, not because neighborhood committees were always a part of Cuban and Chinese tradition, which they were not, but because both countries are ruled by Leninist parties. Chairman Mao's mummy is on display in the middle of Tiananmen Square not because the emperors of the Ming and Qing (Manchu) Dynasties built enormous tombs, which they did, but because Lenin's mummified corpse lies in a similar building in Red Square. China's great famine of 1959–62 was not just another Chinese famine; Mao Tse-tung did what Stalin had done: he sacrificed human lives in a ferocious

RIGHT BOOKS

■ *The Politics of Rich and Poor: Wealth and the American Electorate in the Reagan Aftermath* (Random House, 262 pp., \$19.95) is a bitter commentary on what its author, Kevin Phillips, calls the "upward redistribution of wealth" during the Reagan Era. Mr. Phillips argues that the current American political structure is at a crossroads, as a result of twenty years of industry deregulation and tax-code restructuring that worked to the advantage of the wealthy.

Mr. Phillips cites two previous periods, the 1920s and the 1880s, as the precedent for his predictions about the political consequences of unbridled capitalism, and concludes that Republican popularity may be in jeopardy unless GOP policymakers "break through the failed consensus into a tough new domestic and international candor." The Democrats traditionally follow trends and act as "collaborators without inspiration" during Republican "heydays." So while Mr. Phillips blames the GOP for the nation's fiscal woes, he chides the Democrats for failing to capitalize on the "decadence" of the upper class—for failing to make class distinctions their dominant issue.

Through most of this book Mr. Phillips prods the Democrats onward, inundating the reader with data and rhetoric. The presentation is striking mostly because of what Mr. Phillips leaves out. For example, he demonstrates that tax reforms during the Eighties were evil by presenting the tax rates of each decile. These numbers, at face value, indicate a slight disparity in favor of taxpayers in the top deciles. That the current tax structure has these same upper-bracket taxpayers paying more taxes than ever before, and a significantly higher percentage of all taxes, is dismissed by Mr. Phillips, who insists that the "tax burden" is still not great enough on the "rich."

Mr. Phillips also devotes significant attention to his concern about foreign investment in America. He warns that 12 per cent of America's manufacturing base is now foreign owned, and foreign investment in American real estate increased from \$83 billion in 1980 to \$304 billion in 1988. This, we are warned, reveals the "indisputable shift of comparative wealth and economic leverage away from the United States." The symbolic significance of foreign ownership is easy enough to discern,

but Mr. Phillips is awkwardly positioned on this point, since he clearly favors higher corporate taxes and higher income taxes for the "rich," which would have the exact effect of decreasing American investment in American assets and enterprises. At the same time he favors protectionist policies that would eliminate American jobs, lead to reciprocal policies abroad (to the disadvantage of export industries), and increase the prices of foreign goods.

But reality is little more than an incidental detail for Kevin Phillips. *The Politics of Rich and Poor* is more a handbook on how to engender class division than a "crystallized" vision of "tough new . . . candor." The author's curious resentment of the prosperity of the Reagan Era is omnipresent and burdensome—but there is little else holding this opportunistic work together. If there is one thing that we have learned from recent events, it is that resentment does not make for sound economics. —ALLEN RANDOLPH

■ Mikhail Gorbachev has two main problems facing him. One is the economy, which is in utter ruin; the other, the growing pressures in the various Soviet republics for secession.

To fix the economy Gorbachev must move toward free markets, which requires loosening the deathgrip of centralization. This may temporarily appease the peoples of Estonia, Latvia, Kazakhstan, etc., who yearn for autonomy, but, on the other hand, may give these republics more momentum in their drive to regain sovereignty.

It is the return of these sentiments from their repression that has drawn attention to the Soviet nationalities problem. A case in point is *Soviet Disunion: A History of the Nationalities Problem in the USSR* (Free Press, 423 pp., \$29.95). The authors, Bohdan Nahaylo, a research analyst for Radio Liberty, and Victor Swoboda, an honorary research fellow at the School of Slavonic and Eastern European Studies at the University of London, present a historical examination of the Union's nationalities and the policies of Soviet leadership toward them.

Just half of the Soviet Union's 285 million people are Russians, the authors remind us; the rest a variety of nationalities forcibly incorporated into the USSR. *Soviet Disunion* describes

the horror of the Stalin years when whole peoples and cultures were destroyed, or forced into an illusory homogeneity; the Hitler-Stalin pie sharing; the brief post-Stalin reprieve; Gorbachev's five years.

Much of their discussion of more recent times is somewhat disjointed. The authors do, however, make clear the disparity between Mr. Gorbachev's words concerning nationalities—that he supports efforts at defining the individual republics, and to a small degree semi-autonomy—and actions such as his curtailing education in the languages of the various republics; or his appointing (for instance) Gennadi Kolbin, a Russian, as Party chief in Kazakhstan, ousting a local man who was loyal to the Kremlin and jailing hundreds of Kazakhs protesting the Kolbin appointment.

It was Gorbachev's loosening of political oppression that permitted secessionist sentiments to surface in the first place. But his wish is not always the bureaucracy's command. That *glasnost* enabled freer expression has not meant the authorities, mostly Russians, were going to act on the complaints, or for that matter even listen.

Nahaylo and Swoboda define Gorbachev's dilemma like this: Decentralizing and instituting genuine democratic reforms cannot go hand in hand with the preservation of the empire. True reform means loosening control over the peoples of a vast empire who want no part of the USSR.

Gorbachev is no more pleased with the prospect of splitting up his nation than was Lincoln. The moral distinction, however, is that the Soviet republics came together neither voluntarily nor through the natural bonds of language, culture, or central identity.

The authors leave us with four possibilities: 1) gradual breakup of the empire (what then?); 2) "creation of some sort of Soviet Commonwealth that would resemble a loose confederation"; 3) federalization of the empire; or 4) restoration of the empire by Russian reactionaries.

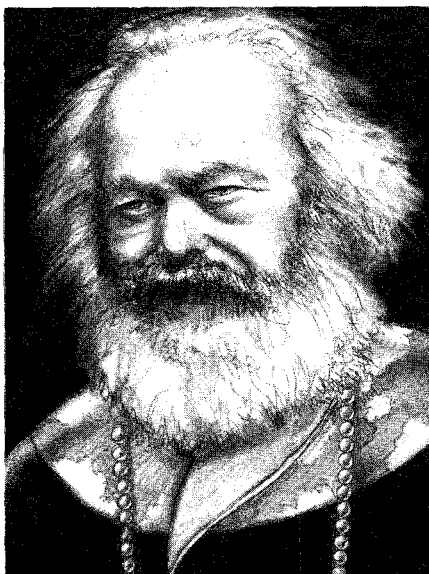
The make-up and direction of the Soviet Union and its captive parts obviously have implications for the stability of the world and for relations among nations. *Soviet Disunion* goes a long way in framing the complexities and outlining solutions, but falls short in its execution. —GEOFFREY MORRIS

attempt to speed up industrialization. Spence observes:

As China's investment in industry rose to an amazing 43.4 per cent of national income in 1959, grain exports were also increased to pay for more heavy machinery. The average amount of grain available to each person in China's countryside, which had been 205 kilos in 1957 and 201 in 1958, dropped to a disastrous 183 kilos in 1959, and a catastrophic 156 kilos in 1960. In 1961 it fell again—to 154 kilos. The result was famine on a gigantic scale, a famine that claimed twenty million or more lives between 1959 and 1962.

In 1966, Mao launched the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, perhaps the craziest phase of his 27 destructive years in power. Schools were closed, teachers were attacked by their students (definitely *not* a part of Chinese tradition), families were separated, millions of city dwellers were exiled to the countryside, and works of art and literature were systematically destroyed. Owning a musical instrument was a crime. Although Spence discusses the rigid class distinctions enforced by the Communists, he fails to mention the grotesque division of the Chinese people into the five red classes (*hong wu lei*) and the five black classes (*hei wu lei*). Members of the black classes (landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, criminals, and rightists) were subjected to "struggle sessions" in which they were questioned, ridiculed, and sometimes physically abused. The inclusion of rich peasants among the black classes is reminiscent of Stalin's persecution of the analogous class in the Soviet Union, the kulaks.

Many theories have been advanced to explain why Mao would do something so harmful to his country. Spence mentions Mao's view that "the Chinese revolution was losing its impetus"; he also refers to Mao's age, "and his concern that his senior colleagues were seeking to shunt him aside." But there is a much simpler answer, one the author does not suggest: Mao Tse-tung started the Cultural Revolution because he believed in it. Mao was a good Communist; he knew that the *Communist Manifesto* called for breaking down the distinctions between the city and the country. Mao believed that after Communism was achieved, the state would wither away (was there ever a state



Janet Hamlin

less likely to wither than that of the People's Republic of China?), because there would be no class differences, which were to be eradicated through "thought reform."

Is there anything in Chinese history to explain why a civilization both practical and artistic should commit itself to Marxism, with its total disregard for reality in favor of theory? Spence tells us about a scholar named Gong Zizhen, born in 1792. Gong believed history moved through three stages: chaos, ascending peace, and universal peace. Gong also stated that as the rich get richer and the poor poorer, "the most perverse and curious customs arise, bursting forth as though from a hundred springs and impossible to stop." Is this the Chinese version of the revolution of the proletariat? Was Gong a Chinese precursor of Marx? Hardly.

Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin—the real Gang of Four—still rule China; their photographs still hang in places of honor throughout the country. The events of 1989 have shaken the Communist world, but China,

where 1989 started, is still in the grip of Marxist rigidity.

That Deng Xiaoping and Li Peng continue to hold power today is evidence of the basic instability that all China's governments have shared. The most stable societies are those in which there are regular procedures for the change of administrations and legitimate ways to express opinions. If China had had an orderly political system, its leaders would have been forced by public opinion to leave office. The Ming and Qing Dynasties, like the Nationalist and Communist regimes that followed them, came to power through war. The early Qing emperors fought civil wars against the Three Feudatories; the later ones against the Taiping Rebellion. Both these revolutions were put down, which does not indicate stability but merely the success of the ruling side. Such regimes may have the strength to win the war, but not to keep the peace.

Throughout the centuries China's rulers have feared foreign ideas, but the great wall of China's past has never been impervious. Spence explains the role that Christianity played in the thinking of Hong Xiuquan, the leader of the Taipings, who believed he was the younger brother of Jesus. Mao used the thought of one Westerner, Karl Marx, to uproot other Western ideas such as the supremacy of law over rulers and the establishment of political rights. Mao launched a campaign against the "four olds": old customs, old habits, old culture, and old thinking. How ironic that the regime he created—a regime more irrational, more violent, more opposed to free thought and human creativity than any other in China's history—is described today as merely another chapter in the long history of Chinese tyrants. □

ART

Eminent Outrage

JAMES GARDNER

IN HIS MOST recent avatar at the Museum of Modern Art, Francis Bacon appears before us defanged and declawed. The primal rantings

now sound like a petulant whimper. The spastic gestures and maimed movements now savor almost of balletic adroitness. And yet nothing has changed in the heart or mind of this octogenarian artist, the elder statesman of the British art world. The lat-

Mr. Gardner writes frequently about art for NR and Commentary.

est paintings in this retrospective manifest the same unyielding, implacable anguish that has been his hallmark for almost fifty years.

Rather it is we who have changed. For the past two generations at least, we have been assailed on all sides by art works of such calculated grotesqueness that we have lost all power to be genuinely shocked by anything. We analyze the forms or assay the political correctness of the artifact, depending upon our orientation. Sometimes we even go through the motions of outrage. But we know that ultimately it is only art. Anything Bacon can pitch, we can catch.

Yet, by any reasonable computation, Francis Bacon is as great an outrage as any generation should have to endure. And if the eminent artist has a sense of humor, as I suspect he does not, he must be chuckling heartily at the public's eagerness to embrace each festering and deformed carcass he throws at it.

Though Bacon was born in 1909, he becomes relevant to us and to himself only after 1943. That was the year in which, through a negation verging on self-parody, he studiously destroyed almost all of the art he had made up to that date. That was the year in which he was reborn as the shrill, tor-

mented sociopath the art world loves. Since that time, Bacon has evolved remarkably little. His art has consisted in endless variations upon a closely circumscribed canon of themes and forms. Bacon was and remains a surrealist, an unrepentant irrationalist. But whereas others of that strain turned to Freud and to the dream world of the unconscious mind, Bacon reverts with a vengeance to Darwin and to the jungles of instinct. Whereas the other surrealists never lost their grounding in the man-made world, Bacon voids his paintings of most human traces, filling them with shrieking gibbons, salivating dogs,

RANDOM NOTES

■ Only a few know, and none will confirm. Newly welded HarperCollins bought three books from erstwhile Tory MP Jeffrey Archer for somewhere between one dollar and twenty million; it's a deal with the air of an out-of-court liability settlement—the principals agreeing not to discuss the terms of the stipulation. Talk around town—all of it speculative—is somber. Sure, HarperCollins is “well positioned,” but if it paid that tinny wordsmith twenty big ones for three books . . . well, it's the end of civilization. (Worse than the money for some is the fact that Mr. Archer was agentless.) And just a few days before, Dell made a pact with another Brit, Ken (*Eye of the Needle*) Follett, paying \$12.3 million for two novels. Rule Britannia!

But in the Archer bargain is also the air of author-orchestrated publicity. Talk about the money began with him, when he told *Publishers Weekly* he had recently turned down \$20 million from an unnamed publishing house. When asked how much he subsequently got from HarperCollins, the José Canseco of scribbling said, “I'm not allowed to answer that, but it certainly didn't go below” the unnamed publisher's bid.

HarperCollins is mum, which usually indicates big bucks will change hands. It's hard to figure the HarperCollins math, though. Say five hundred thousand hardcover copies plus two million paperback copies of each book sold, times \$25 (\$5 for the paperback), times a 15 per cent royalty. Mr. Archer's actual earnings on the various editions sold in the U.S. and Canada would, on those calculations, be just over \$10 million. Not bad. Unless

HarperCollins really did pay \$20 million, in which case the “over-guarantee” still approaches \$10 million. And I promise you the sales figures I'm using are extremely optimistic, given that Mr. Archer, whose best-known previous novel was *Kane & Abel*, has yet to achieve such numbers. And one of the new books will be a collection of stories—not a bestselling form except in the story-friendly genres of science fiction and horror. And although HarperCollins has the contractual right to publish “throughout the world,” there's one big exception: the author's own Britain.

But wait. I'm not telling the whole story. For one thing, author royalties are only one of the financial realities of book publishing, and it's possible for a book to fail to earn back in actual royalty income the amount advanced to the author, yet still be profitable for the publisher. And there is the matter of “other sales”—from foreign publishing and from “performance rights,” all of which (and this is rare in book deals) HarperCollins controls. And let's assume that Rupert Murdoch had his hand in the deal. His News Corporation owns HarperCollins, lots of newspapers, and the Fox film and broadcasting companies. Tom Wolfe once remarked that in the future the novel will be known as a “cordless mini-series,” and perhaps Mr. Murdoch liked the *Kane & Abel* series of a few years back, believes Mr. Archer is perfect for the screen, and also thinks his work will travel well in translation (or with subtitles) in a dozen major markets around the globe. Is your calculator turned on? Shut it off. Neither I nor

anyone else outside the Murdoch orbit has the foggiest notion how to crunch numbers in such a scenario. Authors can get big options from film companies, and if you speculate that from the three books might come half a dozen screen projects, you can throw another, say, \$5 million into the pot; from the foreign publishing another few million, but that would still leave a shortfall of a few million, so how *did* HarperCollins get there from here?

Again, speculation about the size of the deal began with Mr. Archer. Eddie Bell, the man at HarperCollins who made the deal, delicately says of his new author, “I don't know where he got [the \$20-million figure] from, although he's a great showman.” Thrift, thrift, Mr. Bell! HarperCollins publisher William Shinker reminded me (after refusing to discuss the details) that unless you know how the accounting on a deal is done (know, for instance, over how much time the author's advance will be paid out), you know nothing. (On the subject of Mr. Archer's public comments about the money, Mr. Shinker said, “Jeffrey is teasing people. That's the way he is.”)

The first of the two novels, *As the Crow Flies*, will be published about a year from now. It is set, appropriately, in England, the U.S., and Australia. A global novel for a global market. If HarperCollins/News Corporation orchestrates it all in an unprecedented way, if all the international, subsidiary, and dramatic dominoes fall neatly in sequence, Mr. Archer's earnings could well be extraordinary. What am I saying? They already are.

—BRAD MINER

and subhuman apemen cast against a chillingly blank field.

His earlier works, it is true, are busier than that, overlaid as they are with props: umbrellas and whole sides of beef, densely patterned Oriental rugs and landscapes whose nervously thin lines reveal a lingering debt to British modernists like Henry Moore and John Piper. A few later works, such as *Sphinx II* and *Study for a Portrait of Van Gogh III*, represent slight departures as well. But by the late Forties, with the "Head" series, Bacon had defined the highly idiosyncratic style in which he would work for the rest of his life. Emerging from a blackness qualified only by those wiry perspectival lines that have become something of the artist's signature, a massive, disembodied head appears. An ear floats absurdly to the side, perhaps torn away. The ill-defined eyes are shut in suspended rage; the mouth-like orifice is fixed in a noiseless ululation, exposing molars and fang-like canines. "Where is there an end of it/The soundless wailing?" asks T. S. Eliot. For Bacon there is no end. That wailing, bitter, gnashing, self-consuming is the sound of life itself. All other sounds are lies.

Everything Francis Bacon depicts he distorts. And yet every depiction, even if we cannot describe or name the thing depicted, has the infallible ring of truth. An indescribable biomorph hangs down from a wire cage. A boneless, quivering mass of gelatinous flesh drowns in a sink or sits huddled over a toilet. Bacon is obsessed with movement within suspension, and with the suspension of movement. An expressionless face decomposes before our eyes into a psychotic omelette. A violent jet of water is frozen and immobilized as it streaks across the canvas.

To glance even cursorily at these paintings is to understand why they have come to seem the quintessential, unequivocal statement of the modern mood. But precisely for this reason it is too early to tell how good they really are. We shall need to be well out of the twentieth century before we can finally say whether Bacon was ever really on to something, or was merely a cantankerous, maladjusted misanthrope. Formally, his brilliant, stylish works are closer to masterpieces than anything else being done today. If some of the coloristic choices are of de-

batable merit, his way with a laden brush comes very close to perfection. What is wrong with the larger, spiritual dimensions of these sixty paintings at the Modern is their one-sidedness. To Bacon's binary mind, man, because he is not an angel, can only be a beast. In this belief Bacon is surely

not alone in contemporary culture. Rather he is the foremost embodiment of the prevailing trend, the regnant humbug of the age. This is the willful fallacy which, in an age more happy than our own, may one day qualify the esteem in which we hold Francis Bacon and everyone like him. □

DELECTATIONS

Na Zdorovye!

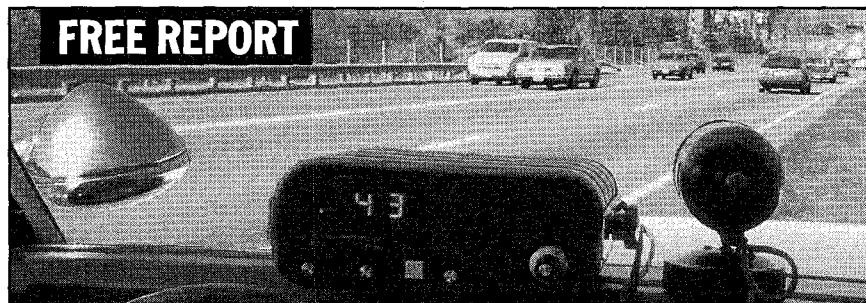
NIKA HAZELTON

A FEW WEEKS ago my husband and I made our way from our apartment on the Upper West Side down to the tip of Manhattan, to the Vista Hotel, located in the World Trade Center. The occasion was a Russian evening arranged by the hotel's executive chef, Walter Plendner, who had just come back from Moscow, where he exchanged skills with the executive chef of the luxury restaurant Olimp.

Mrs. Hazelton, an NR contributing editor, is author of Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time (Harper & Row).

As we rode downtown, I noticed how completely lower Manhattan has changed, thanks to the new landfill. Whole new apartment complexes have sprung up, and the hotel no longer looks out over the Hudson River, as it did in its early years. But apart from that this fine hotel is still the same; a large lobby graces the ground floor, and the concierge oversees all sorts of endeavors from his desk. I was looking forward to spending the night at the hotel, because to my mind nothing beats a good hotel and room service—even for one night if you cannot afford a longer stay.

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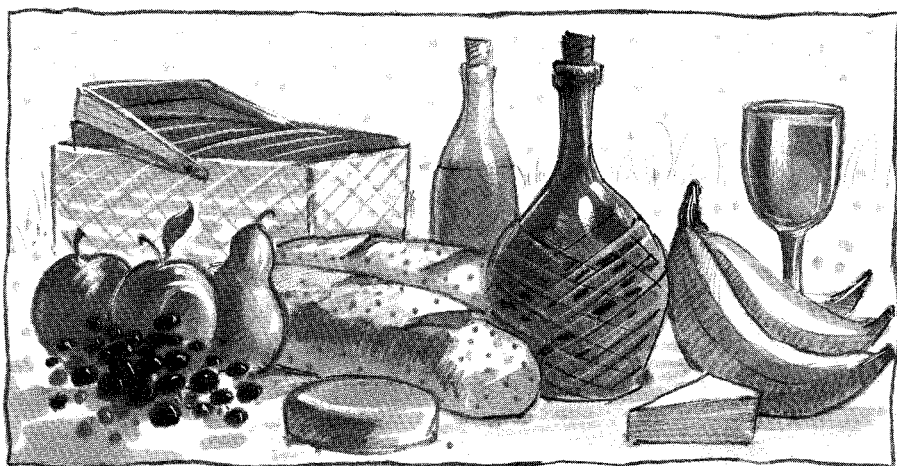
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Jennifer Lawson

After checking in we betook ourselves to the second floor, where the formal entertaining and dining rooms are located. As we arrived in the ballroom for the reception, I thought that I had never seen a larger number of rapidly emptying champagne glasses than in the hands of that vivacious assembly. Chef Plendner was busy giving last-minute instructions to his army of waiters flitting about here and there, but he still found time to greet me. Soon afterward the dining-room doors were opened. The darkened room, illuminated only by fairy lights, was ravishing, and when the big lights came on, we saw tables that could not have been prettier.

Our own table had as its centerpiece a large chocolate Easter egg, with white sugar decorations. What a far cry from restaurants in Russia itself, where each table sports a collection of bottles of mineral water, horrid to look at and worse to drink! (I remember that sorry display, even in so-called luxury places, from the best trip to the Soviet paradise I can imagine, when Bill Buckley took a large part of the *NR* staff there in 1975.)

When my husband and I looked around the big dining room, we were struck by the large number of Russians present—including members of the orchestra from the Olimp. This latter was a mixed blessing, as the music was distinguished only by its loudness. The singers emoted all the time, with arms and legs thrown about in the most old-fashioned way. Nearly deafened by the noise, we were not tempted to stay for the revue after the dinner.

The dinner itself, however, was superb—although unfortunately accompanied by bad Soviet wines. I gorged on a plate of Russian appetizers (with real fresh caviar); there was a fine

mushroom soup, and the best mushroom loaf I have ever eaten, in which featherweight pastry hid a very rich mushroom filling. The main course was veal—not a common offering in the Soviet Union, I'll bet. And the desserts were a dream—a *charlotte russe* with cranberry *coulis*, and little Russian pastries, as well as a selection of good fruits, no doubt for dieters; however, there did not seem to be many present.

The executive chef of the Olimp made a little speech, the music grew louder and more old-fashioned, and we retired to rejoice in the quiet of our room, under the calm approval of one of the World Trade towers, which pierced the sky outside our window.

■ The summer picnic season is upon us, and so I would like to give a few warnings to those who may have forgotten the pitfalls from last year.

FILM

Who Needs People?

JOHN SIMON

AS WE LOOK at last weekend's box-office receipts, what were the big sellers? In place one, *Die Hard II*; in place six, *Another 48 Hours*; in place seven, *RoboCop 2*; in place nine, *Gremlins 2: The New Batch*. What is it that so endears sequels to the public, to the filmmakers, to the producers? And what is it that makes a wary critic so leery of them?

The public, and this is understandable, does not like endings. The familiar characters in beloved novels, plays, or

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York magazine.

The first rule, before you make your plans hard and fast, is to be sure your guests really want to come. Not everyone wants to walk even a short distance before being allowed to eat, including myself nowadays. But since most people are too well brought up to accept an invitation conditionally, I beg of you to make sure your guests want to go through with it.

You ABSOLUTELY MUST take along the following: enough booze to while away the dull moments when the picnic is being set up and the food prepared; water, and some way of keeping it cool, as well as soft drinks or juices; hot coffee in thermoses, along with milk and sugar; plastic bags for leftover food and for the greasy remains; enough napkins to allow everyone an extra in case it is needed; and blankets or sheets, perhaps a table, ice—whatever else you think you will need to make your guests and yourself comfortable. You should also check out the proposed picnic spot to be sure that it is free of ants and other wildlife.

But after all the warnings, I must add that eating in the fresh air is undoubtedly stimulating. And you can make your picnics more interesting by planning them around a theme, such as a holiday celebration, or around a particular country's food.

Happy picnicking for all!

■ Results of the Great New Delectations Contest [May 14] will be announced in my next column. □

movies have become friends one hates to see go. Falstaff or Mistress Quickly, Tarzan or James Bond, Nancy Drew or the Dragon Lady, we want them back. Their very names elicit a warm glow, and we don't even like it when another actor takes over as 007 from the chap we've gotten used to. Above all, the continuance of Rocky or Don Corleone or Lucien de Rubempré is good for the morale: if these characters can keep going on, so can we—perhaps. Perhaps we can remain eternally successful and eternally alive.

The producers, obviously, assume that if a picture made millions, so may

its sequels, which is sometimes true. It is easier to advertise and market a sequel: all one has to do is to persuade the suckers that *Rambo 5* is even bigger than 4, that *Friday the Thirteenth 14* is even gorier than its predecessors, that the action and the chicks in the new Bond are even faster than we've come to expect. And the good will generated by the previous installments may spill over into the latest sequel no matter how doggy it is.

For writers and directors, the sequel is a godsend. No need to establish a new protagonist, no need to dream up a new style, all that's required is a new plot. And even there it may be enough to reshuffle the old formula a bit, which is a lot easier. Look, there is Cheetah again! Oh, yes, Miss Monypenny: the old girl has a secret crush on Bond, but of course he gives her an elegant brushoff, as he has fresher fish to fry. So the mystique of the sequel flourishes, appealing to the viewer's sense of recognition and attendant feeling of superiority.

Take *Gremlins 2: The New Batch*, which, of all the current sequels, garnered the best reviews. It is undeniably fun, much freer and wittier than the first one six years ago. In fact, it may be too much fun: the element of scariness, which belongs in the pot, may be fatally stunted on. But the real problem is that the thing is a sequel, that its surprises cannot really surprise, that its style and characterizations (even though the screenwriter is no longer Chris Columbus but Charlie Haas) are identically prefabricated, that there is not the sense of risk and challenge that is the ozone of the new, which has to invent itself thrillingly as it goes along.

Still, *Gremlins 2* has its virtues. First, it adds satire to its repertoire. Thus the nasty imps no longer terrorize the sleepy little town of Kingston Falls, whose Capraesque sweetness deserves to be left alone (not to mention deep-sixed), but New York City—more specifically, the empire of a greedy billionaire, Daniel Clamp. His stronghold is the Clamp Center, with its logo of a globe squeezed out of shape by a vise-like capital C; his ambitions include razing Chinatown and turning it into some sort of Chinese theme park. Here one of his henchmen discovers Gizmo, the lovable mogwai, and takes him back to Clamp Center. There the principals of the first movie

slave away: Billy as a lowly designer, Kate as a tour guide. Daniel Clamp sometimes descends from his aerie way on top, to spread awe, fear, and confusion wherever he goes.

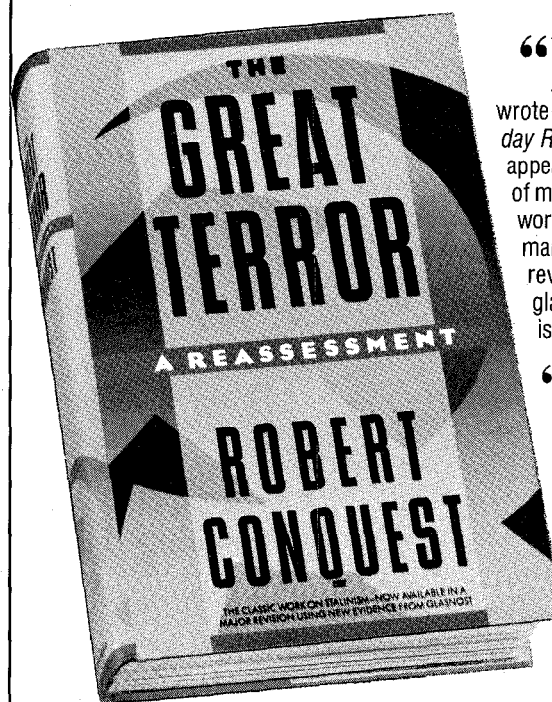
This Clamp, by the way, is not only Donald Trump, but also Ted Turner, owner of a TV network that colorizes old movies and makes endings rosier. And our tycoon also owns the laboratory where a mad scientist, Dr. Catheter, performs bizarre experiments that will wreak havoc on the ecology. Daniel should be truly frightening, thus dramatically justifying the gremlins' depredations on his emporium, but the film has no such guts. As John Glover plays him, he is finally a nice, lonely rich guy who deserves to win out over entropy, primitive notions of poetic justice, and (if the film had been made a little later) the threat of bankruptcy.

And what of the gremlins themselves? Brilliantly designed by Rick Baker, who is also a master of makeup, the creatures—with the exception of the adorable Gizmo—are situated at the confluence of the comic and the repulsive, the scary and the ludicrous. If their habits are filthy and disruptive,

so much the better: for filmmakers, the grosses are in the grossout. A German journalist friend says that he is uncomfortable with films about puppets, robots, monsters—anything neither animal nor human. But how, these days, to tell the difference? Humanoid behavior is more and more confined to artificial intelligences, while human beings are becoming ever more dehumanized. MTV is the new soul; the rapper, the new musician-philosopher; the androgyne (you fill in the name), the new idol. In Harvard Square, you can no longer tell town from gown, the drifters and pushers from the students.

So these gremlins—anomic, anarchic, spitting food all over the place, making messes of every color and consistency—are the spirit of today's youth, and not only youth. Some of them, paradoxically, even aspire to gentility. One leading gremlin, whom Tony Randall supplies with a voice that is part landed gentry, part Locust Valley lockjaw, appears on a travesty of a talk show and claims for gremlin-dom the finer things of life—a hilarious list from which I remember only Susan Sontag. This character is the

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counterpart of a woman supervisor in the Clamp imperium, a sexy red-head named Marla (!)—splendidly portrayed by Haviland Morris—who affects a society accent that barely covers a Brooklyn one.

There are good scenes, such as the one in a Canadian restaurant to which Marla takes Billy, whom she is trying to vamp away from Kate. Here one sits in uncomfortable booths carved out of giant trees (maples?), is waited on by what seem to be genuine Mounties (not just waiters in costume), and is offered as the specialty of the house chocolate moose—what looks like a life-sized replica of a moose made of uniformly bitter chocolate, from which the server offers a bit of horn as a special delicacy, to be washed down, it appears, with Molson's.

A lot of harmless, and not a few harmful, things are amiably spoofed, but the film is too timid to be significant satire. There are moments, though, when the brutality takes on real horror, as when an efficient secretary's sandwich is sabotaged by a gremlin who slips in a mousetrap in place of the meat; fortunately, we are spared the spectacle of the grisly result. But we do see Clamp running the insolent gremlin through the paper shredder, with green gook squirting all over. Ultimately, however, too much of *Gremlins 2* is aimed at children. If Charlie Haas, the writer, and Joe Dante, the director, had made it principally for adults, they might have had something. But can such a movie be made in America today?

■ America today, when it wants to make a truly adult movie, comes up with *Pretty Woman*, rated R—nobody wants an X. And what is *Pretty Woman*? Worse than the old story of



the whore with the heart of gold: the story of two golden-hearted whores who find each other, fall in love, and make honest, married lovers of each other. A first, I am sorry to say.

Edward Lewis (Richard Gere) is a New York corporate mogul known as the Wolf of Wall Street, who doesn't know his way around Los Angeles. Borrowing a sports car as he leaves a party, he zooms all over town in search of the Regent Beverly Wilshire, where, despite acrophobia, he rents the penthouse, because it is "the best." He asks directions from a hooker on Hollywood Boulevard, Vivian (Julia Roberts), who, for ten bucks, rides along to show him the way. Since Edward has just broken up with his latest mistress in New York and needs an escort, he hires Vivian—who, with better clothes and hairdo, would look just terrific—for the rest of his week's stay. A little sex thrown in will be fine.

So begins a double Pygmalion story:

Edward turns Vivian into a lady in a matter of days; she turns the corporate raider into a decent, considerate, loving being, even curing him of his acrophobia. How this comes about has to be seen to be disbelieved. The very evolution of the sexual relationship is enchanting. Vivian produces condoms in all designer colors, and declares her readiness for everything except kissing on the mouth, which might engender cumbersome emotional involvement. Edward allows as how he doesn't go in for that himself, and they happily settle on fellatio. The affair progresses charmingly upward, including sex in a shared bathtub in which Vivian embraces Edward from behind (a position new to me), to end, after two hours plus of film, with a mouth-to-mouth kiss and an engagement ring.

Vivian is really a nice girl from Georgia, basically bookish and yearning to go back to school; she landed in her present profession by a series of unfortunate contretemps. She shares the flat of another hooker, Kit (the sexy Laura San Giacomo), who has a heart only of silver; but just as Vivian, thinking she has lost Edward, decides to go back to college in San Francisco, Kit, though still plying her trade, resolves to save up for beauty school. Let no one say education isn't the cure for everything.

The film, whose collaborative script is credited to J. F. Lawton, was directed by Garry Marshall, who himself worked his way up from the pavements of New York to the hills of Hollywood. It contains one bit of truth. When no one in the chic Rodeo Drive boutiques will wait on Vivian, even though she flashes a wad of Edward's greenbacks, Edward himself appears in the company of his credit card. The tune changes, and snooty *vendeuses* and sniffy homosexual salesmen vie to outgrovel one another. A nice bit, but no compensation for all the rest.

Richard Gere is, as always, dapper, dashing, and squinty-eyed; I believe him as a barracuda, but have trouble accepting his metamorphosis into a goldfish. Though not convincingly Georgian, Julia Roberts has charm and style. Asked how long I thought she had been a prostitute before the film begins, I said, "Somewhere between seven and 11 minutes, but I can't narrow it down any further." □

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(Continues on page 52)

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PESCI

(Continued from page 40)

macho socializing with Fidel Castro and his apologizing for Communist Cuba. He criticized Weicker for opposing the U.S. military intervention in Grenada.

Then Lieberman bored in on Weicker's record of performing the job he was paid to do. Weicker, Lieberman noted, frequently missed Senate votes because he was off giving paid speeches to special-interest groups, collecting substantial fees from military contractors, corporations, and groups like the State of Israel Bonds Committee. One of the special interests that paid Weicker for speaking engagements was the Fertilizer Institute. Many Republicans thought this connection was especially appropriate, since Weicker had once called himself "the turd in the Republican punch-bowl."

Then BuckPac opened for business. This group, organized by William F. Buckley Jr. and his family, pledged to "liberate Connecticut, and Congress, from Lowell Weicker." BuckPac gave Weicker fits, and it may have been a crucial factor in the campaign by legitimizing conservative and Republican support for Lieberman, who won by the slim margin of ten thousand votes out of nearly 1.4 million cast.

Weicker was slow to concede, but when he did, he was gracious. He said he had promised himself long ago that when the time came for him to leave the Senate, his exit would be dignified and irrevocable. And so it seemed. Bruised but unbowed, Weicker was departing the political stage forever.

The New Sphinx

WELL, not quite forever. After Governor O'Neill announced his retirement, Weicker bounded back upon the political stage in March as an independent candidate for governor, having realized that he had probably lost his hold on the Republican Party.

The early polls showed Weicker with an overwhelming lead, with about 40 per cent support. The likely Republican nominee, U.S. Representative John G. Rowland, is in second place with 14 per cent. The leading Democratic candidate, U.S. Representative Bruce Morrison, trails with 9 per cent.

Weicker's lead seems to have numbed his formerly irrepressible tongue. Having once been willing to volunteer an opinion on everything, Weicker now can hardly be forced to disclose an opinion on anything.

Even the friendly press is showing signs of skepticism. When Weicker said that he would unveil his tax policy two months after his inauguration, one newspaper proposed postponing the election that long to give him time to tell the people how he would run the state *before* they voted for him.

Occasionally an energetic reporter will ask him a serious question: for example, will he support an increasingly popular movement to abolish Connecticut's binding-arbitration system, which deprives municipal governments of the power to control their biggest expenses, the cost of public employees?

Weicker will not stand still for such questions. He will not be bound.

But by November, the voters may have decided that they are not bound to cast their votes for Roger Eddy's staunch supporter. □

CLASSIFIEDS

Literary

(Continued from page 51)

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send wants. 2035 (NR) Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Publisher with seventy-year tradition. 800-695-9599.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P. O. Box 1178NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

Miscellaneous

ACROSTICIANS CLUB. Free "Acrostics Network," details, puzzles. Mock, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

PRE-READ NATIONAL REVIEWS wanted: Send your old NRs to a DOD overseas location for distribution to the intellectually needy. Suggest 4th class, 10 or more at a time. Send or write to Mary Muri, PSC Box 2711, APO New York 09289.

EXCITING FACT-FINDING trip to South Africa for conservatives! October 25–November 13. Contact: Robert Slimp, 4636 Crystal Drive, Columbia, S.C. 29206; 803-782-0924.

DIALOGUE AT NOTRE DAME. New conservative student magazine. Free subscription: P. O. Box 764, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney

1 H	2 A	3 M	4 V		5 B	6 I	7 N	8 F	9 L	10 T		11 X	12 D	13 W	14 <u>O</u>	15 K	16 P	17 S	18 A	19 C	20 E	
21 B			22 H	23 M	24 K	25 V		26 J	27 L	28 I	29 N	30 C	31 H		32 W	33 A	34 T	35 I	36 G	37 X	38 R	39 U
40 K	41 S	42 P	43 M		44 F	45 D	46 A	47 E	48 W	49 G	50 H	51 U	52 N		53 I	54 M		55 K	56 E	57 V	58 P	
	59 J	60 A	61 Q	62 U		63 W	64 T	65 G	66 E		67 L	68 R	69 P	70 C	71 G	72 I	73 F	74 X	75 B	76 D		
77 W	78 J	79 D	80 K	81 T	82 C	83 N	84 A	85 Q	86 B	87 V	88 G	89 H		90 D	91 H		92 <u>O</u>	93 A	94 K		95 H	
96 N	97 W	98 X		99 D	100E	101F	102S	103V	104I		105H	106T	107B		108D	109H	110 <u>O</u>	111U	112W	113L	114N	
115G		116L	117F	118B		119R	120D	121M	122V	123J	124W	125H	126S	127A	128L		129V	130M	131K		132C	
133A	134T	135D	136P	137W	138G	139I		140J	141G	142W	143E	144V	145N	146K	147C		148E	149B	150M	151V	152R	
	153B	154E		155Q	156U	157E	158T		159 <u>O</u>	160M	161B	162L	163J	164G		165D	166U	167L	168I	169X	170F	
171C	172G	173B	174J		175E	176U	177 <u>O</u>	178L	179F	180W		181L	182E	183 <u>O</u>		184E	185S	186H	187K	188P	189C	
190N	191Q	192I	193R		194H	195V	196A	197B	198D	199F	200I	201 <u>O</u>	202M	203J								

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| A. This Southern city dances | 133 93 127 46 84 2 18 196 60 33 | L. Biblical servant | 116 181 178 128 162 9 67 167 27 113 |
| B. When it's on the wall, it's graffiti | 149 173 75 107 118 161 197 86 153 21 | M. Number-crunchers' headgear | 150 43 160 3 130 23 121 202 54 |
| C. Call to mind | 147 132 30 189 19 82 70 171 | N. Heavenly body | 96 190 145 114 7 29 83 52 |
| D. Catholic tribunal | 108 135 198 12 165 79 120 76 90 45 | O. Stir | 177 159 14 201 110 92 183 |
| E. A sniper is one | 154 184 143 47 175 157 56 100 66 148 | P. Beautiful | 188 136 69 16 42 58 |
| F. Noted midget (2 words) | 170 117 73 179 44 199 8 101 | Q. It flows through Compiegne | 61 85 191 155 |
| G. Picks out of a lineup | 138 115 88 164 65 141 49 172 36 71 | R. What the Times or Post should be | 68 152 119 38 193 |
| H. Refuge from Taxachusetts (2 words) | 91 95 1 22 194 109 186 89 105 50 | S. Where one can get down | 41 102 185 17 126 |
| I. With precision | 200 28 139 168 35 53 72 6 192 104 | T. Mr. X wanted us to | 34 134 10 158 106 81 64 |
| J. Rounded eccentrics | 78 203 140 26 163 174 59 123 | U. Geopolitical connection | 176 39 166 62 156 111 51 |
| K. Magazine appealing to a certain age | 80 187 24 94 40 55 146 131 15 | V. Captivated | 87 195 129 25 151 122 144 4 57 103 |
| | | W. It just keeps rolling along | 137 48 180 142 112 13 97 32 124 77 |
| | | X. Beauty's companion | 11 74 37 169 98 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 51 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

As a Last Resort???

NEW YORK, JULY 7

When in 1972, in the hours immediately after the nomination of George McGovern as Democratic presidential candidate, there was feverish speculation as to whom he would choose as a running mate, the name of Lane Kirkland, the head of the AFL-CIO, kept coming up. On the *Today* show, Frank Mankiewicz was one of the men questioning campaign director Gary Hart. "Who will be the vice-presidential choice?" Mankiewicz asked. "It hasn't been decided," said Mr. Hart, "but somebody like Lane Kirkland." With wonderful exasperation, Mankiewicz said: "Has it ever occurred to you that there is nobody more like Lane Kirkland than Lane Kirkland?"

Like the one about why rob banks ("that's where the money is"), the directest answer is frequently the most illuminating. Add to your collection of these Margaret Thatcher's comment on President Bush's call for redefining our NATO nuclear doctrine in such a way as to do away with flexible response. She said: "We must not replace flexible response with inflexible response." There's nobody more like Lane Kirkland than Lane Kirkland.

It is too early to know exactly what the NATO formulation will be, but a few observations are in order:

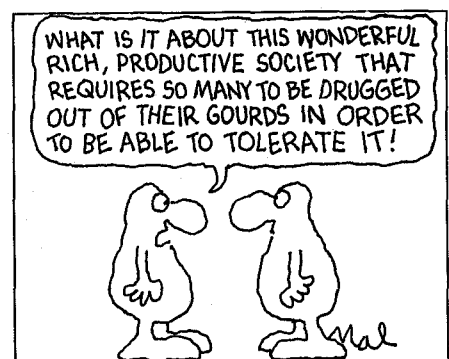
1. The origin of flexible response was in reaction to the "massive retaliation" associated with the foreign policy of Eisenhower-Dulles. It was thought—as we roller-coastered our way into the Sixties, sustaining the low of Budapest (1956), followed by the high of the Spirit of Camp David (1959), followed by the lows of the U-2 debacle and the breakup of the summit conference (1960)—that we needed to suggest that the massive power we had accumulated would not spring into action by the tripping of the least hair-trigger. That's when, primarily under Kennedy, the doctrine of a flexible response developed. A discrete operation by the Soviet Union, e.g., financing and arming the war in Vietnam, would be met by counteraction self-limited to

the weaponry used by the other side. So revered was the idea of the flexible response that President Johnson and Dean Rusk several times flatly defended it to justify the means by which they were conducting the Vietnam War. To move back to massive retaliation would be dangerous, and to move in the other direction would be to give up entirely on the doctrine of containment.

2. Then eight years ago, four highbrow strategic thinkers came up with the doctrine of "no first use." George Kennan, Robert McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, and Gerard Smith published a statement urging that the United States publicly forswear the use of nuclear weapons except when the enemy had already used theirs. This struck most of us as an invitation to hand over to the USSR an absolute guarantee that conventional superiority would give it the whole of Europe. Such superiority, achieved during the Sixties, was held in check only by the threat of nuclear retaliation. Without that (flexible) response, there would, in fact, have been no deterrent.

3. Along comes Mr. Bush. His motives are pretty obvious: to shore up Gorbachev. And he seems to be trying to do this by minimizing the nuclear arm which, he is arguing with his fellow Western leaders, should be used only "as a last resort." The idea is that officially frowning on the mere use of nuclear weapons is a way of saying to the Kremlin: What do you need to worry about, in the realm of nuclear war, given that the U.S. has no intention of using its nuclear arms save as, ho ho, a last resort—which, of course, will never be reached?

The last-resort position suffers on two grounds. First, it is meaningless. Obvi-



ously we have never intended to use our nuclear resources frivolously, and, therefore, obviously we have intended to use them only when we have to.

But meaningless statements sometimes acquire a life of their own; and if all of Europe is invited to believe that the last resort means never, then ancillary steps are taken which could have the effect of encouraging massive concentrations of Soviet conventional arms. And if that is done, we may be helping in our own way to accelerate not only the denuclearization of Germany, but the demilitarization of Germany.

Now we don't want that, do we? Mrs. Thatcher pricked the bubble when she asked whether it all didn't actually add up to an inflexible response. And an inflexible response takes us back to the great division: massive retaliation, or retreat. □

The Milwaukee Plan

NEW YORK, JUNE 29

Watch Milwaukee, if you are interested in the evolution of private education. But be prepared to lose, if you believe in educational choice: The situation doesn't look good, though whatever happens in the courts, it will be cited in the history of efforts to give a choice to public-school-bound youth.

The genesis was a bill ardently proposed in the Wisconsin legislature by state Representative Polly Williams. Its design is to provide parents with an alternative to sending their children to a designated public school to learn, or, as is so in many cases, not to learn.

The Williams bill contained practically every known provision to guard against its being branded as racially discriminatory, as a sop to the middle class, as elitist. As passed, with the endorsement of Governor Tommy Thompson, here is what it would entail.

Beginning next September, a student attending a private school would be given a voucher (in effect) entitling that private school to \$2,500. Now here are the qualifiers:

—Any student applying for such a voucher would need to prove that he/she came from a family whose income was not more than 175 per cent of the U.S. poverty line. That means, for a family of four, the gross earnings of father and mother cannot exceed \$1,848 per month, or roughly \$22,180 per year.

—To qualify for a role in the program, the private school would have to be non-denominational.

—Under the program, the private school cannot charge that student more than the \$2,500 which would be remitted by the city. Never mind what other students had to pay.

—If more students applied for acceptance than the school had vacancies, the selection would be made randomly.

Now on the face of it, this experiment is an anemic approximation of the full-blooded voucher system. Compare it, for instance, with the G.I. Bill, which permits the veteran to attend any accredited school: beyond that, no questions asked. The ex-soldier could be a Rockefeller, could opt for a Catholic, Protestant, Jewish college. His choice.

But unprovocative as the Milwaukee Plan is, anticipating a maximum enrollment in the private system of 1 per cent of the Milwaukee student body, it has now aroused the Forces for the Status Quo. A lawsuit has been brought by the Wisconsin Education Association Council, the state's largest teachers' union, by officials with ties to the NAACP, the Wisconsin Federation of Teachers, the Wisconsin Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Administrators and Supervisors Council of Milwaukee, and the Wisconsin Association of School District Administrators. Their complaint is, as one would expect, comprehensive. They charge that the Williams Act is unconstitutional, a violation of Wisconsin law, discriminatory, heartless, and if you can think of any other legal, moral, or environmental objection to the plan, hurry and communicate this to Friebert, Finerty & St. John, attorneys for the petitioners. In a word, the Williams people are opposed by—The Establishment.

June 30 was the deadline for students desiring to go to a different school from the public school they would otherwise go to, to file their applications. A total of six schools met the earlier deadline to register their willingness to participate.

Now the petitioners for the nullification of the law are using every conceivable argument. Among them that the private schools are not being required to meet all the criteria met by the public schools, for instance, that all the teachers are certified to teach by Wisconsin law (this is the educationists' lobby for the continuation of those deadening teachers' schools). Moreover, the petitioners say, How can the private schools provide the necessary help for handicapped students? Under the recent federal law, public schools need to provide handicapped students with: transportation; audiological services; psychological services; occupational therapy; physical therapy; recreation; medical services;

counseling and guidance; social-work services; parent counseling and training. Not every little red-brick schoolhouse is able to do this. Granted.

But then, who is pushing for the program? The unorganized poor, and urban minority parents. Who can possibly stand to profit from the choice aspects of the Williams bill? Milwaukeeites who earn, jointly in the case of couples, less than \$22,180 per year. □

There'll Always Be An England

LONDON, JUNE 13

No matter how often you have seen it or heard about it, it is always good for a little reflexive wince when you come across (you can't avoid doing so: it is the stuff that makes the headlines) the detailed attention paid to the lives of British royalty. It is sobering to bear it in mind that there is in effect a contract between the royal family and the British people, unwritten—like the British constitution—which says: In return for many perquisites, the Family may be studied under a microscope on page one of the tabloid press. Thus we read that Prince Andrew's new castle has hidden television cameras—designed not for the *Daily Mail* or for the *Sun*, but for security. But we learn he was mad enough to break one in two when he came upon it. And elsewhere we learn ("Margaret's man of the bedchamber") that it is a duty of the Equerry to Princess Margaret to test the suitability of any mattress on which she proposes to sleep ("former Scots Guards major Lord Napier was given the royal command to ascertain the springiness of the bed on which the Princess reposed this weekend while on official duties in Scotland"). And then you note the Court Circular. "The Prince of Wales, Colonel-in-Chief, the Parachute Regiment, will attend a service of thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 22 on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Raising of Airborne Forces." And you conclude, a) the royals are entitled to every penny they receive; and b) thank heaven we are a republic.

On the political front, it is fair to say that Thatcherism is making a little comeback. "KINNOCK DREAMS FOR FUTURE WILL COST/TWENTY BILLION POUNDS/SAYS PROFESSOR." Britain would face higher inflation and double the number of jobless under a Labor government, a top professor has warned. . . . This item in the *Daily Mail*, for a generation the flagship

of the British popular press. And, demurely in the quality *Telegraph*, "FIRST PROFIT IN 14 YEARS/AS SHIPYARD IS PRIVATIZED. Belfast's shipbuilder Harland and Wolff has made a profit for the first time in 14 years in the nine months since privatization. . . ."

The Big Gloom of the day is the failure of the British to defeat the Italians in the soccer match—the delinquent player has the big forty-point headline on the back cover: "I Cocked It Up!" And inside there is massive retaliation. Under the headline, "Twenty Reasons Why the Italians Are Pasta Joke!" one learns (Reason 10), "No wonder Italian voters are always bamboozled. They have 23 political parties to choose from." And Reasons 11 and 19, "The country's most famous MP is a porn queen. The 39-year-old Honorable Ilona Staller won her seat by a landslide after baring her boobs at election rallies . . . Italy has one hundred TV channels and no censors. Some telly bosses even wanted to screen prostitutes at work!"

Ah yes, sex. "ENGAGED? IT'S A GOOD EXCUSE/TO HAVE SEX, SAY TEENAGERS. . . . Almost half of all British girls have sex before their 16th birthday, a leading child psychologist said yesterday." This is so, advises Dr. Penelope Leach, of only 22 per cent of British boys—because they mature older. A cause to worry, perhaps, but not like . . .

Crime! "BRING BACK THE DEATH PENALTY/THAT IS THE OVERWHELMING VERDICT FROM YOU,/THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN." Two men who were saved from the gallows, back when the British were hanging people, are quoted as saying they would never have committed their offenses had they thought they would actually hang. Royalty, sex, politics, insularity, capital punishment—and?

Elegance. The editor of the *Times* discusses the new style rules for his paper. "Breaking rules is a feature of a living language, but a newspaper must be consistent in its pursuit of clarity and brevity. . . . Minor changes will be made to titles, with Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Ms. not being required when the full name is first given, but used for subsequent mentions. The only exceptions are for convicted criminals, the long dead, artists, sportsmen, and those whose fame transcends rules (the Reagan years). The title Ms. will be used where requested, and in stories from the United States it will be used unless otherwise requested, in accordance with current usage."

Nineteen ninety-two has a big surprise coming if it thinks it can change any of this. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Watergate II. Cato has to hand it to the Democrats. A year after the resignation in disgrace of Speaker Jim Wright (D., Tex.) the new House leadership is trying to pin the blame for the savings-and-loan disaster on Republican deregulation in general and George Bush in particular. The latter effort stems from the involvement of the President's son Neil in the case of the defunct Silverado S&L.

Potentially as damaging, a Common Cause report shows that California Republican gubernatorial hopeful Pete Wilson was the biggest recipient of savings-and-loan PAC money. The only reason this has not been used against him yet, says one GOP strategist, is that opponent Dianne Feinstein probably isn't all that clean herself, given the money coming through her husband, Richard Blum. Mr. Blum, an investment banker, has bankrolled his wife's campaign, and speculation is that he has his own ties to the S&Ls. In the primary campaign Miss Feinstein's Democratic opponent, state Attorney General John Van de Kamp, challenged her to release a list of her husband's clients. The challenge was refused.

Back to Neil Bush. At issue is not so much any legal culpability as the way his involvement allows Democrats to pin the whole mess on the White House. Bush Administration sources say that matters weren't helped much by the younger Bush's congressional testimony that he knows it sounds "a little fishy" but he really is innocent. Sounds like he needs a few lessons in spin control.

Africa Yesterday. Less than two weeks after Nelson Mandela's imperial train rumbled through Washington, the former prime minister of Rhodesia, Ian Smith, slipped into town with a very different message. Mr. Smith is cautiously bullish on South Africa's ability to weather the current storm, if only because he thinks that the combined opposition within South Africa

of Zulus, whites, black Christians, and so on will prevent the hard-line ANC from getting its way.

At a private luncheon at the Capitol Hill Club put on by *Human Events* and the Selous Foundation, Mr. Smith suggested that, far from floundering, South African President F. W. de Klerk knows where he is going. "From my private conversations I am convinced that he has a plan," says the former prime minister, "though of course it would ruin everything if he gave it away now."

Republicans Taxed. Down at Republican National Committee headquarters folks have been pretty glum since the President adopted Governor Dukakis's tax platform. Cato hears that on the day the willingness to raise taxes was announced, GOP phone solicitations of mom-and-pop contributors took a beating. Evidently the feedback from the public was so bad that the young Republicans making the calls were told to put down the phones for a while.

On top of this, reports are that direct-mail contributions have fallen off. One RNC operative declines comment



"It's ludicrous that he only has to pay the same community charge as the rest of us!"

but says that the public record will soon tell the sorry story. "If you want to see the real effect [of Bush's statement], take a look at our next FEC report."

Down for the Count. When is a minority not a minority? Answer: When it lacks the proper ideological credentials. How else to explain the recent move by the U.S. Census Bureau to lump Asian-Americans in the same category with whites in a special follow-up survey to the 1990 census? Census Bureau officials explained that the reason for the decision was that Asian-Americans are a relatively small part of the U.S. population base—which is what we thought a minority was in the first place.

The Kennedy Factor. Two years into the post-Reagan era, it seems that the senior senator from Massachusetts has become a shadow secretary in the Bush Cabinet. White House sources report that the President is once again going over the heads of Republican senators to negotiate directly with Democrats. This time Chief of Staff John Sununu called Ted Kennedy from the Houston economic summit to discuss the language of the latter's civil-rights bill. The President does not want to oppose any civil-rights bill, even a quota bill, and so all the stops have been pulled out to get a compromise, even an awful one.

Give the Devil His Due. Even before Bush's about-face on taxes, the Southern Baptists had decided to disinvite the President to their convention in New Orleans, largely because of the White House's overtures to gay-rights groups. Well, the Administration was represented at the convention after all, but by drug czar William Bennett, who called drug abuse a "fundamentally moral issue," urged those assembled to invoke the help of "the healing God," and mentioned how in treatment centers addicts often referred to cocaine as "the devil." Press reaction was predictable: "Bennett Blames Satan for Drug Abuse," screamed the *San Francisco Chronicle*. That's the Beltway's attitude too, but it appears there's one man in the White House who knows how to address grassroots concerns without being patronizing. Is someone at the RNC watching?

—CATO

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